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Original Poetry.

TO A LADY,
On her Twenty-fourth Anniversary

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY N. W. WILLIAMS.

Thou art one of many others,
Moving down life's shelving shore,
Who, to-day, with various fortune,
Reach the tide-mark—TWENTY-FOUR.

From the line, where being wakened,
On the crowds of mortals pour,
Down to death's dark, gloomy waters—
Some ne'er reach to TWENTY-FOUR.

Dazzled with the joy of living—
Pleased to tread the sparkling shore,
Some heed not the wave's dull murmur,
But haste on to TWENTY-FOUR.

They prize not the moments given,
Who would join the ranks before—
Glad would we, who've passed that limit,
Turn again to TWENTY-FOUR.

It requires the skill of manhood,
And the strength that youth could store,
To resist the downward sweeping
Of the waves at TWENTY-FOUR.

Passed that point the waters deepen,
And more steep becomes the shore,—
Quicksands every moment thicken,—
Gone the joy of TWENTY-FOUR!

Fears around the heart oft gather,
And, amid the breakers' roar,
Many a daring form hath perished,
In full sight of TWENTY-FOUR.

Many, yet, of life tenacious,
Though the sea swell more and more,
Still amid the billows struggle
Outward to twice TWENTY-FOUR.

And there are of iron sinew,
Who scarce mark the fading shore,
Those, who, spite of storm and tempest,
Even reach thrice TWENTY-FOUR.

But the waves they buffet weakly—
And oft cloud their spirits o'er
Memories of the placid waters,
Swelling up at TWENTY-FOUR.

Seek not then, my friend beloved,
Of dark years a lengthened score—
Hope, in vain, thou wilt for brighter,
Than are given at TWENTY-FOUR.

Thanks to Him, who these hath granted—
If to them He please add more,
May He be thy skilful pilot
Ever, on from TWENTY-FOUR.

We have stemmed the wave together,
For a time—but soon no more—
Yet forget, we pray thee, never,
Friends of thine at TWENTY-FOUR.

And when faint, thine arm shall falter,
And can breast the sea no more,
May the Life-boat bear thee, safely,
Over to the Heavenly shore.

THE STAR OF PROMISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY HAMDEN AUBREY STANWOOD

Pilgrim, on life's troubled waters,
Angry surges round thee rise;
Mortal storms have gathered o'er thee,
Darkness veils thy mental skies.
Dang'rous lights are placed before thee,
To dispel thy mournful fears—
Trust them not—for see, above thee,
Bethlehem's lonely star appears!

Rays of uncreated glory—
From it burst upon the eye—
Clouds and darkness—storms and vapor
From its brightness quickly fly.
Pilgrim, be that star thy beacon—
Ever on it fix thy gaze;
Soon the waves shall cease their roaring,
'Neath its pure and peaceful rays.

Danger then shall never harm thee—
Sorrow lose to thee its sting;
Peace her mantle wrap around thee—
Hope the joys of Heaven bring.
When at last dissolving nature
Chants the requiem of time;
This will o'er the raging billows
Guide thee to a blissful clime.

Brunswick, Maine.

Original Biography.

COM. DAVID PORTER.
Late Minister to Constantinople.

David Porter was born in Boston, February 1st, 1780. The son of Captain David Porter, a Naval Officer, during the Revolution, his infant mind was naturally fired with the narratives of the exploits of Paul Jones, and other naval heroes of that period, which formed a leading subject at his veteran father's fire-side. Nor was his own parent undistinguished, for he had won honorable distinction during the continuance of the Revolution; and little David thus inherited a passion for the sea.

Our hero was in infancy of feeble constitution and slender make; and although his impulsive and ardent temperament led him anxiously to desire to follow what seemed to him the only path to glory, his mother was exceedingly opposed to such a step. After the conclusion of the war, Captain Porter had removed to Baltimore. In 1796 he had command of a vessel in the West India trade, and little David, then sixteen, begged to accompany his father. With much reluctance the mother consented: and in his very first voyage he had a taste of the adventure which afterward distinguished his course through life. An attempt was made by a press-gang to board the schooner which his father commanded. Resistance was made: several men were killed and wounded upon both sides; and the future Commodore, at his early age, and in this, his first trip, had one of his shipmates shot down at his elbow.

In his second voyage,—as if the British were determined to lay a foundation for the sentiments which made him afterward so determined and courageous an enemy in war, young Porter was twice impressed. Each time, in spite of the hardships and suffering which he encountered thereby he made his escape, and at last reached home, impoverished, destitute, and suffering severely from the return passage, as a common sailor, in the winter season. Here was a young man who left home an officer of an American vessel—pursuing an honest, honorable, and peaceful mode of obtaining a livelihood, twice impressed, and completely wrecked in hopes and fortune. An American, and the son of a man who had distinguished himself in the war of Independence, he was seized, in violation of his individual rights, and of the honor of his country, and compelled to sail under a flag which it cannot be imagined that American sailors at that date much respected.

On his return to the United States, induced by his love for the service, and probably to some extent influenced by the fact that he could not peaceably sail in the merchant marine, he applied for admission into the Navy, obtained a midshipman's warrant, and joined the Constellation, Com. Truxton. He was distinguished for his good conduct in the battle between the Constellation and the French Frigate Insurgente.

Advanced to the rank of Lieutenant, he was ordered to join the United States Schooner Experiment, under Capt. Maley, on the West India station. Bustle and chivalrous adventure attended him here also. A long and obstinate engagement with a number of brigand barges, and a great number of boat and cutting-out expeditions, gave him a portion of the experience in warfare with pirates, which was afterward so useful to his country; and, we may add, so ill-requited. He ended this West India trip by taking a French Privateer, manned with forty men, and armed with a long twelve-pounder and a number of swivels. She was also accompanied by a barge, armed with swivels, and manned with thirty men; and a prize ship was in their charge. Porter had only a small pilot boat schooner rigged, manned with fifteen hands, and armed with five swivels. In the face of this disparity of force Porter laid his vessel along side the privateer; and after a most obstinately contested engagement, in which the French Privateer had seven killed, the Frenchman surrendered. The prize ship fell also in Lieut. Porter's hands, but the barge escaped. In this action, though many of Porter's crew were wounded, and his vessel was much injured, none were killed.

Lieut. Porter went again to the West India station, as first Lieut. of the Experiment, under command of Capt. Charles Stewart, and in the several engagements which occurred with French privateers, he was of course a marked and most courageous participant.

In the first squadron which cruised in the Mediterranean, Porter sailed as first Lieutenant of the Enterprise. Here, as every where else, he was noted as the mirror of naval chivalry, and received his first severe wound in the destruction of some wheat-laden vessels in the harbor of Tripoli. After his recovery he was ordered to the Philadelphia, captain Bainbridge, as first Lieut., and joined that vessel in 1803. The fate of this frigate is well known—her capture by grounding, and her subsequent destruction by Decatur. Porter was a prisoner during the whole of the Tripolitan war; and upon his liberation at the close, was honorably acquitted by a court of enquiry into the cause of the loss of the Philadelphia, held at Syracuse. He next took command of the brig Enterprise, and after an absence of five years, returned to the United States. While in command of the Enterprise, he had a brush with twelve Spanish gun boats, who mistook, or professed to mistake his brig for a British vessel.

During the embargo which preceded the last war, Captain Porter had command of the Flotilla on the New Orleans station, charged with enforcing the non-intercourse law. In 1812 he was appointed to the command of the Essex frigate, and sailed in her from Sandy Hook on the 3d July, the United States being then at war with England. In his first cruise he captured the British sloop of war Alert, and this was the first prize of a British armed vessel, made in the war of 1812. Having returned to refit, Captain Porter sailed again from the Delaware in October, for the coast of Brazil, where he was to meet Commodore Bainbridge. Failing in this, and finding the British force much increased, and his position a dangerous and troublesome one, he shaped his course South, doubled Cape Horn, and cruised in the Pacific Ocean.

In the Pacific he carried on a truly brilliant series of operations. For many months he was the terror of the British marine, with his single frigate bearing sole sway in the waters of that vast ocean. The prizes which he took provisioned his vessel, and paid his men. He took care to spread such vague reports, touching only at unfrequented islands for water and fresh provisions, that pursuit was baffled; while, with his frigate and some of his prizes, rigged as men of war and store-ships, he may be said to have had absolute control of the Coast and Ocean.

At length two vessels, the Phœbe and Cherub arrived out from England, in prime order and with picked crews, having been sent expressly to seek and capture the Essex. Their united force amounted to eighty-one guns, and five hundred men, while the Essex had but forty-six guns, all of which excepting six long twelves, were thirty-six pound cannonades, serviceable only at close quarters. Her crew, having been reduced by manning prizes amounted only to two hundred and twenty-five men. Under these circumstances of disparity, the Essex was six weeks blockaded in Valparaiso. Captain Porter could not rest here; and finding that his vessel was a superior sailer to either of the British ships, he determined to put to sea, trusting by good seamanship and the weatherly qualities of his ship to get outside, when he would have no fear but he could take care of himself. Unfortunately a squall struck the Essex just as she was rounding one of the points of the harbor, and carried away her maintopmast. She was immediately pursued by both the enemy's vessels, and finding it unsafe to proceed to sea in her crippled state, she ran back into port to repair damages. Dropping her anchors within pistol shot of the shore, Captain Porter, the soul of chivalry himself, deemed the engagement at an end, and supposed that the law of nations, and the neutrality of the place would be respected.

He soon found his mistake. The enemy now having a troublesome vessel in their power, determined not to let the Essex slip again. The engagement which followed is one of the most remarkable on record. The mad courage of the commander, officers and whole crew of the Essex, is almost without parallel, and was never exceeded. The enemy could consult safety and tactics, and choose his distance, while the Essex, from its crippled state, and from the disadvantages of position, could do little more than annoy the enemy when inadvertance or chance gave the opportunity.

At last Captain Porter determined to be the assailant, and by bearing up against the enemy to get within such distance that the carronades of his vessel, could be used. He had no sail which he could hoist, except his flying jib, but with this he was able to close with the enemy.

The firing on both sides was destructive, and the Essex was in a most deplorable condition. Her deck was strewed with the dead and wounded, and her cock-pit filled. Still a hope of victory was entertained. The Cherub, was compelled to haul off by her crippled state, and did not return to close action, but kept at such a distance that she could effectually use her long guns, and still be secure from the carronades of the Essex. The Phœbe now edged away too, and kept at such a distance as best to suit her long guns. Both ships kept up a tremendous fire, and the only answer which the Essex could make, was with her six long twelves, the other guns being useless at such a distance. In the fire of the two, the crew of the Essex were terribly cut to pieces. One gun was manned three times, fifteen men being killed while working it, in the course of the action.

Captain Porter now determined to run the Essex on shore, land the crew, and destroy the vessel. He had approached within musket shot of the shore with this intention when the wind suddenly shifted and bore her down upon the guns of the Phœbe again. The Essex was perfectly unmanageable, and exposed to a raking fire. Captain Porter turned the broadside of the Essex to the enemy by cutting away an anchor to which a hawser was bent. The hawser parted, and this, the last hope of the Essex was ended.

The Essex was now on fire forward and aft, and a council of officers of division having been called, Captain Porter was surprised to find only Lieut. Stephen Decatur Mr. Knight remaining, the rest having been either killed or wounded, and carried below. The enemy lay at a secure distance, and favored by the smoothness of the water struck the Essex at every shot. At twenty minutes past six, the action having commenced at three, Captain Porter reluctantly gave the order to strike his flag.

The enemy still continued firing, through some inadvertency or other cause, but just as Captain Porter was about to run up his flag again, with the purpose to fight till the vessel sank, the firing ceased. Out of two hundred and fifty-five men who composed the crew of the Essex, fifty-eight were killed, thirty-nine were severely wounded, and twenty-seven slightly. Thirty-one were missing, making the loss in all, one hundred and fifty-four. The English officer who came on board to take possession of the prize, fainted at the ghastly spectacle which presented itself. During the fight the neighboring heights were filled with spectators, citizens of Valparaiso, who expressed the most eager interest in the engagement, their sympathies being all in favor of the gallant little frigate Essex.

The English commander, Com. Hillyer, treated the officers and crew of the Essex with the greatest consideration after the engagement, and permitted them to return home on parole. They returned in the Essex junior, but off the port of New York were overhauled by the Saturn Razee, whose commander disputed the right of Com. Hillyer to give such an order. Capt. Porter then told the boarding officer that he gave up his paroles, and should consider himself a prisoner of war, and as such use all means to escape. On the next morning he did put off in his boat, though at the distance of thirty miles from Long Island, and though closely pursued he landed safely. On reaching New York, so great was the enthusiasm with which he was greeted, that the people took his horses from the carriage, and drew him with shouts and acclamations to his lodgings.

After the conclusion of the war, in 1815, Com. Porter was appointed one of the board of Navy Commissioners. In 1821 he volunteered to take command of the West India squadron for the suppression of piracy. Most effectively did his vigorous measures promote this highly desirable work, until in October 1824, Commodore Porter landed a force at Foxardo, in Porto Rico, and compelled an apology from the authorities, for an insult they had offered to the American Flag. He was recalled, tried by court martial, and suspended for six months, for a proceeding which was, to call it its harshest name, but an error in judgment. Stung to the quick, he resigned his commission in the navy of the United States, and shortly after entered the Mexican service, as commander-in-chief of her naval forces, where he remained until 1829, when he returned to the United States, and was appointed Consul General to the Barbary Powers, and afterward Charge to Constantinople, where he remained until his death, which took place on the 28th of March, in the present year.

At the time of writing this brief sketch, the remains of the gallant commodore are on their way to this port, in the U. S. brig Truxton. Before the paper in which it is contained reaches the reader's eye, it is very possible that the honored dust may have reached the city, and the mournful pageantry of woe have honored the removal of the dead to his last resting place. Long as the nation lives will the memory of Com. Porter be cherished; for in his daring deeds are all the elements of romance, and his generous and chivalrous character endears him as a hero, to all the readers of history; as the same qualities endeared him as a commodore to those who shared his perils.

From the Annuals.

ore than fashionable, and who expose themes purposely to the view of the Empressa- are singers, who are determined to demonate by their genteel appearance that they not forced to accept an engagement which es not do justice to their merits. That proud atleman with the great *embonpoint*, whose nds folded behind, support a massive cane, an "*engagement broker*," proprietor of a *heatrical business bureau*," who carries in one his huge pockets, the names of the artists eking employment, and in the other the aces and situations which have just become cant. This man receives letters from the vant, from Spain, France, South America Berlin, in short whatever the aping of the lians, or the absence of a national taste have roduced the fashion of an Italian opera. ere (on 'Change) you also meet the pubers of Journals and the Chiefs of the *Claque* men hired to applaud new pieces, and se place is generally in the middle of pit, and directly beneath the chandelier) , with a sardonic smile, inquire of the er of the orchestra, the success of the opera. The ladies that bow to that thin tleman, who pedantically sips his chocolate he *Cafe de Dilettanti*, are the pupils of the music master, who have come to Italy for sole purpose of improving their talents, in er on their return home to improve the taste their northern countrymen. They are fu- *prime donne* artists in *Spe*, who pay their ing silver for learning how to silver their tes.

hose who are accustomed to the performance English or American theatres can form no of the mode of performance in Italy. The ans are not in a habit of varying their es, and one or two operas and the same numof ballets answer for a whole *carnival*, ch is the season in Italy. The consequence at none but the first performance of a piece er attentively listened to, and that the reivo and minor songs are completely drowned he conversation and laughter of the audi. The Italians go to the theatre not to see piece; but to meet their friends, pay their ect to the ladies on whom they call in their rent boxes, and to have an agreeable chit . The theatre like the Corso, is a place of eral *rendezvous*. It is there where new aintances are made, when courtships are menced, and where intrigues of all sorts carried on in a manner which is least ofive to public decorum. When an English- invites you to dinner or to breakfast, an an will send you the key of his box in the tre. The opera, in short, is a place of geal amusement, and the performances mereves to fill up the tedious intervals. Only an *aria di bravura* is sung, the audience s, for a few moments, to listen; but then generally so well known and so popular, hundreds of the audience beat time, or ing it with the performer on the stage. at the fury of applause which is called *il* ne, breaks forth in a storm which shakes erve like the roar of artillery and stuns effectually for the remainder of the piece.

FROM THE OPAL.

THE EMIGRANT'S SABBATH.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

"Will the baby die, mother?"

The inquirer was herself a child, and the look of earnest curiosity with which she watched her mother's face, to gather from that the reply which the parent could not speak, testified to that precocity of intellect, that early development of intelligence which is the lot of the children of the poor. To us, this union of matured perceptions with juvenile features, is among the most painful of the traits which distinguish the offspring of those whose every step is a contention with obstacles,—whose every gesture seems a buffet with the world. But if the face of the daughter was painfully interesting, that of the mother was not less so. Though still young, toil, anxiety, and care, and above all, grief, had marked her countenance with the evidences that young though she might be in years, in experience she had lived out a lifetime. She was bending over the cradle of an infant, whose quiet sleep seemed the suspension of its little being. Pale and wan, she seemed scarce farther from the grave than her infant charge, in watching whose almost imperceptible breathings, her whole attention was absorbed.

"Will little sis die now, mother?" the elder child again asked. There was a volume of meaning in the tone in which the inquiry was put. It expressed the resignation which all in that little household had made—the conviction that their well-beloved infant companion was sick unto death; and all that Mary could hope in answer was, that the moment of the departure of the innocent was *not yet*—not that instant. A half an hour seemed a long future—a day seemed years. Who that has watched the life of a child wasting away has ever forgotten it? The unconscious sufferer, incapable alike of appreciating its danger, or of communicating its feelings to the earnest affection which surrounds its bed,—the meekness of endurance—the supplicating glances from the eyes of a dying child—oh! how deeply do they move the heart! When man sinks from his strength, or woman wastes from her loveliness into the arms of death, at each stage of the disease the invalid can communicate with attendant friends; at each pause-like respite in the journey through the valley of the shadow, adieus may be re-exchanged between those who are to part at the grave, but to meet again beyond it. But where the babe, in pain, but unconscious from what cause or to what end, looks up imploringly to her who, though now powerless to aid, has hitherto been its solace, the mother feels she could willingly die with her child, if she could make the sufferer understand that it is death—the death appointed to all—which is slowly but surely stilling the pulses of its innocent heart.

So felt the young wife and mother—but still she spoke not. No sound broke the stillness of that house in the forest—no hum of passengers, no notes of busy life, in discord with the scene, mocked the silent grief of the mother and sister of the dying child. There was a melancholy appositeness in the solitude of the place, and in the stern and natural simplicity without and within the dwelling. The light vernal winds moved the branches of the primeval tree of the forest which shaded the humble cabin, and, as the sun stole in between at the open door among the leaves, the shadow of a lesser branch of the tree trembled to and fro upon the infant's lips, as if it emblemed there the flickering of its breath. This painfully beautiful thought entered the mind of the mother—and while she still dwelt upon it, the door was darkened—the poetic vision was lost—and her husband and her brother entered with a noiseless step. The boy had plucked a violet in the vain hope of attracting the dying child's attention. It had withered in his hand as he walked, and while he stood over the couch, struck with the alteration which in a few hours had taken place, he let it fall upon the pillow. The mother took it up—she looked at the withered blossom of spring, and then at the withered flower of her maternal hopes. Turning to her husband, she sunk upon his neck, and wept.

The child was dear to them. Exiled, in part perhaps by a truant disposition, and that restless spirit of enterprise and adventure which is characteristic of the American people, they had wandered far, before they had here pitched their tent. Accustomed in New England to the comforts which industry places within the reach of all—to the refinement of mind which education creates—to the social habits which the institutions and manners of New England foster—and above all, to the religious privileges which bless the descendants of those who sought a new world to worship God after their own consciences, the Far West for many a weary month seemed to them a solitude dreary indeed—but never *quite* a solitude. They had early learned that there is One from whose presence no creature can be banished; and isolated as they were in the mighty forest, the little family never forgot that He lives, of whom it is written, "If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand uphold me."

To mother—to father—to sister—and to the brother who had accompanied them in their wanderings, the birth of that child had been as a new creation—it had consecrated for them a new home, and created a tie which had bound them to the spot. The gift of God's mercy to them, it had been as a ray of light which made the desert blossom as the rose. All their hearts clung to the little stranger; every feeble opening of the precious bud was watched—every glimmer of future intelligence in the child was to them as the earnest of coming perfect day. The smiles of its infantile joy had been the sunshine of their hearts. The tree before their door appeared greener and stronger when the little one crowed its admiration in looking up, and vainly strove to grasp its branches—the clearing about the door was thought of only as little Ellen's playground—the house, which seemed before her birth dull and narrow and dark, was now a paradise on earth, since there the cherub first saw the day. Any shelter would have seemed a palace to them in which the babe could stand upright and learn to walk.

And now the hand of death was on these hopes—and silently they waited the fearful consummation of his work. Thought was busy with both father and mother,—one sentiment they held in common. But a week before had any one doubted in their presence, that their cottage was an elysium, each would have eloquently defended it; but now to each it seemed already a charnel-house, and they felt as if the stamp of death was on its walls. The mother's mind wandered back to the home of her childhood—to the pleasant places which she had deserted for the forest—to the cheerful house, and its sympathizing in her joy, when Mary, [illegible] eldest, was born. She conned over, one by one the kind faces which would there have [illegible] around her, in a scene like this. She [illegible] the village pastor, who would have been ready with his words of consolation, words, fitly chosen, "like apples of gold, in pictures of silver." She reflected the kind physician, and can we wonder if she felt, in her grief, that his skill might at least alleviate and postpone, if not avert the death which threatened her dearly beloved infant?

The father, as I mused, thought not of the past, but of the future. To him, as to her, longer residence in that spot seemed insupportable—but while visions of the home she had left occupied the mind of the mother, the father looked forward to still another home, as if, by retreating from mankind, he could remove from exposure to disease and death. To neither could their recent pleasant dwelling longer be tolerable—without both, the place would seem to create none but melancholy associations. But he felt at last that it was his duty to struggle to check repinings against God's providence; and looking for aid to that source whence alone support in all affliction should be sought, he opened the sacred volume.

His eye fell upon the history of Hagar in the desert. In a low but distinct tone he read of the despair of the exile in the wilderness, and while their daughter was expiring far from human aid, the parents felt with the Egyptian woman that they "could not see the death of the child," and like Hagar they "lifted up their voices and wept." As he proceeded in reading, "and the angel of God called to Hagar out of heaven, what aileth thee Hagar? Fear not!"—the quick perception of the mother caught a movement in the cradle. All flew at once to the child's side, prepared to witness its last breath. But as to Hagar in the wilderness, so had God been merciful to them. The crisis was past—a gentle perspiration stood upon the sufferer's brow—its eyes opened and a faint smile played around its lips. Affection, ever ready to catch at the slightest ground of hope, was this time not deceived. As the child sw fell again into a sleep, but a sleep like that of welcome rest, instead of the feverish slumber which had before harrassed their affection the emigrant family knelt in joyful thanksgiving, too deep and heartfelt for loud words. The dead was alive again.

Joyous was the following Sabbath: nor did the happy family forget that Being to whom their gratitude was due for the great mercy vouchsafed to them. The mother had already renewed the youth of which affliction had despoiled her, and little Mary, as she leaned affectionately on her mother's shoulder, smiled that awe-mingled gratitude which children as well as adults may feel, though incapable of other expression than the silent and natural workings of their happy faces. With cheerful hearts they worshipped him who "dwelleth not in temples made with hands," and heart and voice responded Amen! as the father of the little household said, with the sweet singer of Israel, "O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever!"

Original Novellette.

GOVERNOR LEISLER.

CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY JOHN H. MANCUR, AUTHOR OF
HENRI QUATRE; OR, THE DAYS
OF THE LEAGUE.

"Heart, take thine ease,
Men hard to please,
Thou haply might'st offend.
Though one speak ill
Of thee, some will
Say better; there's an end."
JOSSELYN'S VOYAGES.

CHAPTER VIII.

Sorry are we to record the failure of the expedition against Canada. Success would have raised Leisler to a pinnacle of fame, far above reach of the malice of inveterate enemies, and have extorted reward, and honor, even from the cold-hearted monarch. Whence the failure of an enterprise nobly conceived, nobly planned, adequately borne out, in which the united resources of three provinces was directed against a common enemy? Historical annals relate the following events.

Sir William Phipps sailed from Boston, in the summer of one thousand six hundred and ninety, with a numerous fleet, handsomely equipped; entered the river St. Lawrence, and approached Quebec without disaster, in full confidence of success. He waited in vain for the New York and Connecticut army, destined to co-operate, and was forced, at length, to return without accomplishing his designs. The united forces, under General Winthrop, commenced their march towards the frontier, but never effected a junction with Sir Wm. Phipps. The obstacle alledged was the failure of the Indians to supply the requisite number of canoes to transport the troops across Lake Champlain, through which treachery, or inadvertence, further progress was impeded, and the season lost.

Such are the general facts gleaned from the page of history. That obstacles, in the way of the march, should not have been more correctly appreciated, and precaution taken by the General to compel observance of Indian contracts, or treaties, or have substituted other means, seems strange—nay, conveys an imputation on the commander's honesty, or capacity. Such was the view Governor Leisler took, for on the return of the discomfited troops, he caused General Winthrop to be arrested.

This was undoubtedly a high-handed proceeding, it was preceded by one—deemed by the sufferers—equally as arbitrary. On flight of the Albany Junta, and submission of the city, Leisler confiscated the property found therein, belonging to Livingston, and other leading members of his league. The proceeds were applied in aid of the equipment of the troops destined to march against Canada. His council justified the measure, that inasmuch as the junta had by their culpable negligence, been cause of the surprise and burning of Schenectady, it was fair retribution to make them contribute towards an armament, equipped to revenge the butchery and invasion. This was a popular rather than legal argument. Leisler's defence—if he need one—must rest on the broad ground, that being in full exercise of authority, of Governor of the Province, and in that capacity, having to guard the frontiers and repel invasion—any party mustering in arms, and frustrating his measures, ought to be dealt with as a traitor, and common enemy.

In the case of General Winthrop's arrest, there was good ground for inquiry into his conduct, though prudence should have dictated a less offensive proceeding than imprisonment, in the first instance. As a political measure, it was extremely unwise, for Winthrop was universally beloved in Connecticut, accounted a gentleman of the highest honor, of unimpeachable character. His arrest tended to dissolve amicable bonds between the two colonies—and and excited so much dissatisfaction, even in New York, that the Governor released him—perhaps moved thereto by a sharp reproof from the Connecticut authorities, who told their ally plainly, "that his position was one which required extreme circumspection, and he had need of good friends to sustain it."

Leisler certainly yielded to passion in arresting Winthrop. He had staked his fortunes and his reputation on the Canada expedition—enforced taxation, and pledged the revenues of the province to equip and maintain the forces, and he could not conceive (without breach of honesty, or treachery direct or indirect) that a well-planned campaign could be so miserably frustrated. That which was hidden from his eye has been revealed to posterity. The same machinery plied so openly at Albany, was secretly at work adroitly scheming his ruin by tampering with the Indians, and insidiously cajoling his allies into measures which effectually (although the agency was unseen) wrought the ruin of the campaign. It was owing to the intrigues of Livingston—who shifted, as occasion needed, his residence from Massachusetts to Connecticut—that Gen. Winthrop was foiled,—unknown to himself. Nor was it surprising, that the lightning of Leisler's anger should fall on the innocent (though not thoroughly skilled) leader of the expedition. To a governor bred to the station—to a general of more enlarged experience—the machinery of the lurking destroyer would have been detected, his machinations promptly suppressed.

Heavy was the blow to the credit and peace of Leisler. The time had arrived, when the breath of popular feeling, which lifted the favorite to office should be turned against him. The fickle population, governed by appearances, who look too much to success, rather than the pains taken to deserve it, grew angry and discontented. It is true, they suffered from taxation—the colony had exhausted its resources in military equipments—the frontiers suffered from attacks of hostile Indians. A brilliant victory, or well-contested battle, might have induced the colonists to forget the evils they labored under. As it was, discontent will find vent, and the men who excited them to submit to present sacrifices, in hope of distant reward, became the victim of their complaints, and of the mal-practices of others.

Wilfred Lovel, who witnessed with pain, these reverses, was yet more chagrined and perplexed, that no instructions were received from the king's ministry. By return-voyage of Bristol Bess, he wrote to friends in London, making anxious enquiry, what were the royal intentions toward the colony. Winter approached without replies, but in January, the year one thousand six hundred and ninety-one; we would have our readers remember dates, for in Leisler's story they are important—arrived the ship, Beaver. By it, came letters to Wilfred, stating that so long back as August, one thousand six hundred and eighty-nine, Colonel Henry Sloughter, one of King William's military followers, had kissed hands on being appointed to the government of New York, but that affairs of high importance to his sovereign, required personal superintendance on the continent of Europe—his American appointment consequently remained in abeyance. He was lately returned to England—future destination made publicly known—and might be daily looked for at New York.

Such was the substance of Wilfred's letters. But the Beaver brought more tangible proof in arrival of Captain Richard Ingoldsby, with one company of musketeers. Before landing, he sent a message to the fort, stating that Governor Sloughter might be expected weekly, and in meantime, demanded immediate surrender of the fort and dependancies.

Leisler, who at that moment, was reading the letters received by Wilfred, adjourned to his council-room, where the members, (resident in the city) had assembled, on learning the arrival of the Beaver. By advice, he sent Captain Ingoldsby, desiring to be informed, whether that gentleman held any order, instrument or document, by which the governor of New York might learn his Majesty's pleasure. Ingoldsby returned answer haughtily, that he had none—nor was any necessary. His company formed part of the future garrison, and Leisler would do well to comply instantly.

On receipt of this second summons, the feeling of Leisler and his council, was still against compliance. Ingoldsby was simply, captain of infantry, without orders from Sloughter to require possession, or delivery. Doubtless the new governor would bring, or grant, an act of indemnity—for as Leisler declared—it was neither safe for himself, or those he addressed, to descend to a private station—among inveterate enemies—without proper protection and assurance, that they should not be molested for the acts of an administration, of two years' standing. If their labors for good of the colony were not thought worthy some token of royal favor, yet justice required that they should not suffer. As it was, were they not liable to civil suits innumerable, which might be brought by malicious persons, or at the instigation of secret foes, for every rate levied, or enforced, on plea that they had committed trespass, without being armed with loyal authority? Their goods and persons, without such protection, were entirely at the mercy of enemies.

These considerations induced the governor to declare to Captain Ingoldsby, that he should not surrender the fort to any unauthorized summons. Unfortunately—(our poor merchant of the Lang's Straat was every way unfortunate!) the captain was of proud, jealous and haughty temper, which prevented due allowance being made for the commandant's peculiar position, that ought to have excited sympathy rather than anger. The man of war felt his dignity outrageously insulted. In absence of the governor, he believed himself, his representative, and that no distinction ought to be made. Sloughter's non-arrival opened a field for the display and gratification of vanity, on a small scale, and the captain of infantry was deeply mortified at his pretensions being so unceremoniously treated at the outset.

If his passions had been allowed time to cool, affairs might have resulted differently; but being immediately joined by Livingston, Gabriel Mienville, Balthazar De Haert, and other members of the Junta, his vanity was artfully flattered, and pride inflamed, till he was magnified—in his own eyes—into a hero. With his company, he besieged the fort by land; and blockaded the sea-approaches with the Beaver. To strengthen the palisade-defence along Wall street, were several block-houses, garrisoned by Leisler's men, who were surrounded, disarmed and taken prisoners by the valorous captain—thus affording proof of being in earnest.

As one company was totally insufficient to make an extended investment, and prevent entry into the fort, of provisions and visitors, he proceeded to raise recruits, that he might render the blockade more vigorous. All that was needed he found to hand; money, clothing, stores were liberally supplied by the agency and means, of Robert Livingston. In a short space of time, it became an affair of difficulty to convey prisoners into, or depart from, or gain ingress into the fort; though as there were two entrances, the captain's vigilance was oft eluded.

Within the strong hold, as permanent residents, were Governor Leisler and family—including Lovel, who acted as private secretary, whilst Milbourne sat at the council-board, as general and colonial secretary—Ensign Stoll, aid-de-camp,—and two members of the committee (or council into which it had merged) Peter De Laney, and Hendrick Jansen. The others members—under the circumstance of straitened investment—corresponded with the governor by letter, or paid occasional visits. Of course, if it had been his cue to fight, Leisler, with his range of forty-two pounders, might have swept off Ingoldsby and his men, like March-dust.

To Wilfred, chiefly, fell the task of consoling the ladies under adverse fortune. He, himself, looked upon his friend as a ruined man, for he did not doubt, but that after the surrender of the fort, New York, as a place of residence, in approximation with Livingston and his crew, would be found impracticable. Concealing the extent of his fears, he cheered the family with prospect of a quiet home, after relinquishment of a power, which brought nought but care and vexation. Since danger crept so close, Styntie had recovered buoyancy and cheerfulness—perhaps she only concealed fears, that she might lighten the task of Wilfred. Mistress Leisler was quiet and resigned, anxious for the arrival of her husband's successor, that the unsubstantial pageantry of state, which could not be dismissed, whilst custody of the fort was retained, might fade away, and restore the peace of former years. Her eldest daughter, whose imagination had been most struck by the glitter of elevated station, felt the approaching change keenly. Each morning, from the highest story of the governor's house, she gazed earnestly in the direction of the Narrows, and descended to make report, that no ships were visible—and her father was commandant for one more day!

"Yes! and if we do but hold out till the arrival of Master Hobbs," cried Styntie to her sister, on one occasion, "who knows but his valor may turn the day in our favor!"

"I wish the old man were here," said Leisler, who overheard the conversation, he would run some risk to serve a friend. I fear that foolish red-coat will some day provoke me to fire on him—he has just stopped two sloops which were bringing fresh meat. If I do point a forty-two at his feather, I shall need a friendly deck to carry me from the colony."

"He would think it no treat to be invited to our table, now!" cried Styntie.

Two months passed away. Ingoldsby blockading the fort closely as practicable, starving the garrison as far as lay in his power—Leisler, when hard pressed, making a sortie to bring in provisions, and hold communication with timid friends. Both sides afraid to come to downright warfare—the captain, inasmuch as he knew his weakness, the governor loth to damage his cause by destroying the king's troops.

At length, on the nineteenth of March, two king's ships passed the Narrows, bringing Governor Sloughter and several companies of infantry. It was an anxious hour for Leisler; he stood in silence on the ramparts, watching their approach. They fired the customary salute. When the smoke of the last discharge was clearing off,—at a signal from the commandant—the fort-batteries responded. The Beaver followed.

"They have yet a lagging consort," remarked Wilfred, pointing to a vessel, then between the Narrows.

"What, dost not know that rig?" cried Leisler smiling, "I think I hear old Hobbs saying—what a land-lubber that boy must be!"

"Well! Bristol Bess has made quick passage this time," said Wilfred, "I gave her all April to arrive in."

"I hope Colonel Sloughter is not such a popinjay as Ingoldsby," observed Leisler descending the ramparts.

To the surprise of all within the fort, the day passed over without summons from the new governor. At night, when all was shrouded in darkness, the sentinel at the gate admitted a tall figure, whose form and features were muffled up closely to elude recognition. As ordered, the soldier allowed the figure to pass; it walked to the governor's house, and was admitted into his presence.

"Punctual to the minute, Grace!" cried Leisler, as the Amazon threw aside her cloak, "and you have given Ingoldsby the slip again."

"I take no credit for that," replied the damsel, "there is one come from the great den, London, whom your excellency will find it a difficult task to cope with."

"I will not shrink from my fate, Grace—but take that chair—and let me hear all that passed."

Since Ingoldsby's blockade, Wilfred, Milbourne and the members of the council, were oft surprised at the accuracy of Leisler's knowledge of what was passing without. He knew when an where Livingston and the captain conferred—often the subject of their discourse—but would not disclose where he gained the news, lest it should do injury, now, or at a future period.

Grace's Ordinary was Ingoldsby's quarters. He had taken the entire house, and forbade the sisters receiving other guests, save his own friends. Here Livingston and associates plotted the downfall of their rival—here was lodged, soon as he landed, Governor Sloughter, till the Stadt-house could be put in tenantable order, or the gates of the fort were opened.

By Grace's account, a long conference ensued between Sloughter, Ingoldsby, Livingston, Van Cortlandt, and others. It ended by the governor receiving the oaths of Livingston, Van Cortlandt, Gabriel, Mienville as members of his council, and his declaration that he should confer the same honor on Colonel Bayard, and Frederick Phillipse, whenever he could administer the oaths.

"Why, girl!" exclaimed Leisler, "if they catch you eaves-dropping—they will set you on the Wooden-Horse."

"No fear," replied Grace, "if others keep my secret."

Continuing her narration, pieced out with what she had overheard, what was made public, and what she surmised from appearances, it was plain that Leisler's successor had embraced the feelings of his bitter enemies, and taken them to his confidence as councillors. The prejudiced sovereign in the first instance, the governor doubtless drinking at the same fountain, finds, on arrival at the colony, previous notions confirmed by his own officer, Ingoldsby, reiterated and aggravated by the leading men of the province! What prudence, what foresight could bear up against such complicated misfortune.

To enquiry, what manner of man this new governor might be—for Leisler's sole hope of protection rested on the personal character of his successor—Grace screwed up her mouth as though imbibing a copious draught of vinegar.

"You don't seem to like him, girl!" said the commandant, smiling—for she had not trusted herself with words.

Grace rose from her chair, and looking down upon the governor—said in a loud hissing whisper—

"*I saw the beast carried up to bed—before I came away!*"

It was an uneasy night for poor Leisler! Restless, distracted, he could not sleep! He thought of his once peaceful, quiet home—of his thrifty contented partner—and their buxom offspring, the pride of the Lang's Staat! Then memory pictured, with dire minuteness, each incident of the disastrous Canada expedition—each fond cherished hope as he bade the troops farewell—the strong agony when he heard the failure of the march—the burst of rage when he learned the imbecility or treachery of Winthrop!

Deserting his couch, he stood idly at the window, looking at the fleeting clouds which hurried over the face of night. A low voice enquired what he was about.

"Praying for morning, Elsje," was the reply.

"And what will that bring?"

There was no answer.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Family Circle.

THE WIFE,
A BEING TO COME HOME TO.

And after all, what is it that man seeks in the companionship of a woman? An influence like the gentle dew, and the cheering light, more felt throughout the whole of his existence, in its softening, healing, harmonizing power; than acknowledged by any single act, or recognized by any certain rule. It is in fact a being *to come home to*, in the happiest sense of that expression.

Poetic lays of ancient times were wont to tell how the bold warrior, returning from the fight, would doff his plumed helmet, and reposing from his toils, lay bare his weary limbs, that woman's hand might pour into their wounds the healing balm. But never wearied knight, nor warrior covered with the dust of battle field, was more in need of woman's soothing power than are those care-worn sons of toil, who struggle for the bread of life, in our more peaceful and enlightened days. And still, though the romance of the castle, the helmet, the waving plume, and the

"Clarion wild and high."

may all have vanished from the scene; the charm of woman's influence lives as brightly in the picture of domestic joy, as when she placed the wreath of victory on the hero's brow. Nay, more so; for there are deeper sensibilities at work, thoughts more profound, and passions more intense, in our great theatre of intellectual and moral strife; than where the contest was for martial fame, and force of arms procured for each competitor his share of glory, or of wealth.

Among all the changes which have taken place in the condition of mankind, it is then not the least of woman's privileges, that her influence remains the same, except only as it is deepened and perfected as her own character approaches towards perfection. It is not the least of her privileges, that she can still be all to man which his necessities require; that he can retire from the tumult of the world, and seek her society with a zest which nothing can impair, so long as she receives him with a true and faithful heart—true to the best and kindest impulses of which her nature is capable, and sacred to the faithful trust committed to her care.

And that it is so, how many a home can witness—how many a fireside welcome—how many a happy meeting after absence painfully prolonged! Yes, there are scenes within the sacred precincts of the household hearth, which not the less, because no stranger's eye beholds them, repay, and richly too, dark days of weary conflict, and long nights of anxious care. But who shall paint them? Are they not graven on the hearts of wives? and those who hold the picture there, in all its beauty, vividness and truth, would scarcely wish to draw aside the veil, which screens it from the world.—*Mrs. Ellis.*

A TRUE STORY.

It was one of the first days of spring, when a lady who had been watching by the sick bed of her mother for some weeks went out to take a little exercise, and enjoy the fresh air. She hoped she might hear a bird sing, or see some little wild flower which would speak to her of future hope, for her heart was heavy with anxiety and sorrow.

After walking some distance she came to a ropewalk. She was familiar with the place, and being fond of the smell of tar, she entered. At one end of the building she saw a little boy turning a very large wheel; she thought it was too laborious work for such a child, and as she came near him she spoke to him.

"Who sent you to this place?" she asked him.

"Nobody, I come of myself."

"Does your father know you are here?"

"I have no father."

"Are you paid for your labor?"

"Yes, I get ninepence a day."

"What do you do with your money?"

"I give it all to my mother."

"Do you like this work?"

"Well enough; but if I did not, I should do it, that I might get money for my mother."

"How long do you work in the day?"

"From nine until twelve in the morning, and from two until five in the afternoon."

"How old are you?"

"Almost nine."

"Are you never tired of turning this great wheel?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"And what do you do then?"

"I take the other hand."

The lady gave him a piece of money. "Is this for my mother?" said he, looking pleased.

"No, it is for yourself," she replied.

"Thank you, ma'am," said the boy, and the lady bade him farewell. She went home strengthened in her devotion to duty, and instructed in true practical christian philosophy, by the words and examples of a little child, she said to herself the next time that duty seems too hard for me I will, like this little boy, not complain, but "take the other hand."—*Child's Friend.*

PAYING DEBTS.—"What a pleasure it is to pay one's debts!" was the remark of a well known writer, and the observation is certainly a just one. It seems to flow from a combination of circumstances, each of which is productive of pleasure. In the first place, it removes that uneasiness which a true spirit feels from dependence and obligation. It affords pleasure to the creditor, and therefore gratifies our social affection. It promotes that future confidence which is so very interesting to an honest mind. It opens a prospect of being readily supplied with what we want on future occasions. It leaves a consciousness of our own virtue; and it is a measure we know to be right, both in point of justice and sound economy. Finally, it is the main support of simple reputation.—*Boston Bee.*

TO CURE HAMS WESTPHALIA FASHION.—Sprinkle your ham with common salt for one day; then wipe it dry. Take 1 lb. brown sugar, ½ lb. salt petre, 1 pint bay salt, and 3 pints common salt. Stir these well together in an iron pan over the fire till moderately hot. The ham to be in this pickle for three weeks.

Popular Tales.

FROM THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

THE BITTER NIGHT.

BY MRS. C. H. FORD.

"Fling another fagot on the fire, my child," said a weak voice, as of a sick woman, "I am very cold. How the wind shakes this frail cabin. Ah! it was not so in Alman Castle, when your dear father lived. The meanest hind had then a comfortable roof and plenty of fagots. Little did he think his wife and child should ever suffer thus."

The speaker was a lady already advanced in years, whose originally fine disposition penury and disease had rendered querulous. The person she addressed sat by the scanty fire, preparing the evening meal, for although the storm rendered all without dark, the hour was not yet that of the usual twilight. Clad in coarse and faded garments, with her lovely face worn with sorrow and care, it would have been impossible to recognise in her the once proud heiress, but for the graceful figure, the proud eye, and the air of refinement about her face and movements which nothing can conceal. She heard her mother's command with a sigh, gazed wistfully on the sole remaining fagot, and then mournfully continued her occupation.

Clara Alman had been born in almost princely halls, and educated as the heiress of the broadest domains in the north of England. Up to her fifteenth year, the sun of her prosperity had been unclouded. She was beautiful even beyond her sex, and already was surrounded by noble and worthy suitors. To one of these she had pledged her virgin heart. All the delicious emotions of a first love were hers, and life seemed to lie before her, like a flowery path beneath a summer's sun.

All at once a cloud came over her path. It was the era of the Crusades; and when the lion-hearted Richard assumed the cross, her father, and subsequently her lover, followed his example, and set forth in his suite for the Holy Land. With many tears Clara and her mother saw them depart; but honor bade them forward; and the wife and daughter, even amid their sorrow, felt that they could not persuade them to remain.

A long year passed, then another, and then a third. At first Clara heard at long intervals from her suitor, but in the second year the intelligence arrived that both he and her father had fallen, in a deadly skirmish with the Saracens led on by Saladin in person. The melancholy news was, a few months later, confirmed by the arrival of a squire of the late lord, who said he had seen his master fall in battle. He added that Clara's suitor had been slain in attempting to save her parent. This circumstantial account destroyed the last hope lingering in the bosom of Clara and her mother, and they wept long and deeply, almost benumbed with grief.

But from this sacred sorrow they were suddenly and rudely awoke. The vast estates of Alman, though entailed in the male line, were to have descended to Clara on her marriage, by the consent of the king. But the deed had never been made; Richard was now in prison in Germany; and his base brother John ruled unrighteously in his stead. The claimant to the estates was in high favor with the dissolute prince, and now came forward to demand the domains. Rage and revenge were uppermost in his heart, for he had been a rejected lover of Clara; and having renewed his suit, after the death of her intended husband, had been again refused. Malignant by nature and pitiless from depraved habits, he felt no remorse in ejecting both mother and daughter from their habitation, and leaving them, utterly unprovided for, to the most abject poverty. All appeals to the prince were in vain. He stood too much in need of supporters to his usurped throne, to venture a rupture with the possessor of the Alman manors.

Since this event nearly the whole of a long year had elapsed, which had been spent by the sufferers in mingled grief and penury. Winter had now come, and the rude cabin in which they had found shelter many leagues away from their old residence, shook in the tempest; while the snow beat in between the chinks, and the cutting blasts sent a chill to the very hearts of the inhabitants.

"Why don't you put on another fagot?" querulously said the sick mother, as a rude gust whirled through the leaky lattice and made her shiver. Poor Clara, though far less warmly clad, endeavored not to appear cold, but the icy blueness of her skin contradicted her demeanor. The tears gushed into her eyes. She looked around.

"Dear mother," she said, "we have but one more fagot, which must last us till this storm abates. If we use it now, we shall have nothing with which to cook our scanty breakfast in the morning."

"Merciful God!" exclaimed the mother, clasping her hands, and lifting her eyes to heaven, "what will become of us? I can endure this cold no longer. I feel I shall die before morning. No fagots—oh! virgin mother of Christ, have mercy on us!"

"Mother," said the devoted girl, running to her, and clasping her around, "I will hold you in my arms all night. I am young and can impart my own warmth to your frame. Cheer up, dear mother," she continued, though in a voice of alarm, for fright and the bitter chilliness of the atmosphere were rapidly producing a fearful change in the parent's countenance. "I will put on the other fagot,—we will eat our scanty supper, and you shall drink the last cup of wine. We kept it for an emergency and when can we better use it? To-morrow will be clear—I know it—I feel it; and then we can get all we want, for I will beg for it, sooner than see you thus. Dear, dear mother, see—the fire burns brightly now. Eat—and we will seek rest—and you shall all night sleep warmly in my arms."

"God bless you, my child," said the mother, and the tears gathered into her eyes, "but I fear the worst," she continued, with a desponding shake of the head. "The storm looks as if it would last for days—then what will become of us!"

Clara shuddered. Her heart felt as if oppressed with a mighty load, for, as she listened she recognised those deep tones in the tempest which always forebode a duration of some days. Had it not been for the presence of her mother, whom she felt the necessity of encouraging, she would have sat down and wept in despair.

Suddenly there was a knock at the door. Both females started and looked at each other. Clara hesitated to move. A voice was now heard, asking admittance from the awful storm which the traveller said surpassed any he had ever witnessed. Fear was no part of Clara's nature. Her heart was ever open to pity. Without farther thought she unbarred the door. A tall figure wrapped in a knight's cloak, followed by a servant, entered. The intruder lifted his cap as he came in, displaying a weather-beaten face, surmounted by thick locks of gray. He shook the snow from him, advanced to the fire, and then with surprise in every feature of his countenance, gazed around the room.

"You seem illy provided for such weather," he said, turning, for the first time, to Clara, "have you no fagots?"

The poor girl shook her head.

"One can't expect a stoop of wine in such a place as this," he said apologetically. Clara gave a silent gesture of dissent, as she returned his gaze, "then Henry, we must thank the saints there is some left in your flask. Give these good people a portion, for they seem to need it."

Since the stranger had entered both Clara and her mother had gazed at him, without removing their eyes for an instant; it might be at his free demeanor, it might be from some other cause. Now, for the first time, Clara turned to the servant, who, hitherto remaining in the background, advanced at these words to the fire. The eyes of the girl and those of the follower met.

"Henry!" "Clara!" were the mutual exclamations, as they fell upon each other's bosom.

"My husband!" was the simultaneous ejaculation of the mother, as she faintly opened her arms to the older warrior, who, starting at her voice, rushed to her, recognizing in those tones the bride of his youth.

"By our patron saint," said the earl, when the mutual surprise of the parties had been, in part dissipated, "this beats the romances of the Round Table; I never thought to find you here. By what foul wrong," and his brow darkened like a thunder cloud, "have you been brought to this pass?"

Clara, for her mother was unable to compose herself sufficiently to become the narrator, now related the story of their expulsion and subsequent suffering.

"By St. George," said the irascible earl, starting up with flashing eyes and shaking his clenched hand fiercely, "I will pull the beard from the miscreant for this outrage. Richard has returned, know ye, my sweet daughter," his mood changing, and he accompanied the words by drawing Clara to his bosom—"the king shall have his own again, and we will root this villain from my father's castle ere a fortnight."

The lover now for the first time interposed.

"Should we not before we talk farther," he said, "procure fuel for the fire? Happily I noticed a ruined shed, about a hundred yards distant. I will go and tear enough of it down to keep up a roaring fire until morning."

"Well said, and I will assist you," said the bold earl.

In short they had brought to the hut and piled up in one corner the necessary fuel. As the last load was cast down the earl turned to Clara, who was weeping and smiling by turns at this great change in their circumstances.

"There, now that Lord Henry has won it, go to him with a kiss, you weeper," he said, with almost boyish spirits, "and he will tell you how he did not perish in battle, but, stunned like myself and buried under the slain, was made prisoner by the Saracens, and how, after a long confinement, we escaped together and have finally reached home. I will tell the same to your mother—go, sweet one, but first give your father a kiss."

That was a happy night in the hut on the heath. As the old earl said afterward, never, in the proudest halls had he spent one like it.

Little remains for us to tell. The next morning saw the sun shining brightly on the landscape, and ere noon the whole party, deserting the frail cabin, had found refuge in a hostel, about four miles distant, which the earl had been seeking the preceding night, when, in the darkness, he lost his way.

The return of Richard spread universal joy among his people. The flight of Prince John was followed by that of his chief favorites, who justly dreaded the wrath of the monarch to whom they had proved traitors. Clara's unworthy cousin, hearing at the same time of the return of his monarch and of the earl, did not wait for the appearance of the latter, but took ship immediately for France.

Great were the rejoicings at Alman Castle when the bold earl once more took his seat on the dais in the great banqueting hall, and greater still were the bonfires and congratulations, when, a few months later, the lady Clara became the wife of him she had loved so long.

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NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

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For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

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R. J. WOODWARD AGAIN,

We have received a copy of a receipt for money paid for Graham's Magazine, given by this fellow, who has been advertised repeatedly by Philadelphia publishers, as not authorized to receive subscriptions. We repeat the caution, that he is NOT an agent *for any books issued in Philadelphia, to our knowledge*, and if people *will be* swindled by these strollers, they must not complain. The *best* way is to *send money by mail, with the Post Master's frank.*

☞ Milton Boulemet, of Mobile, Alabama, will receive subscriptions for this paper. Single copies may be had at his store.

THE PRIZES.

We are gratified to announce that the following gentlemen have consented to examine the articles which have been submitted for competition for the prizes of $400, offered by the publishers of the Saturday Evening Post:

J. K. MITCHELL, M. D.,
HON. R. T. CONRAD,
JOS. C. NEAL, ESQ.

The examination will be entered upon next week,—and we shall be able to declare the result in our paper of Saturday Nov. 23d. The high standing of the gentlemen and their known literary attainments will make all the competitors satisfied of the justice of the decision, whatever it may be; and the reading public, who take an interest in the advancement of American Belles Lettres, will appreciate the kindness of the Committee, in consenting to give the contest their sanction and approval, by the arduous service of examination.

The decision of the question will be determined solely upon the merits of the articles submitted. The committee do not desire to know the authorship of any article; and the names will be carefully withheld, even where the writers have not themselves taken this precaution. This step is taken, not from the thought that any extrinsic circumstance could sway the opinion of such judges, but to prevent all opportunity for cavil.

The number of articles submitted, is large, and many of them are of rare merit; so much so, indeed, that it will be found no small compliment to appear in such company, even to the unsuccessful.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

People are looking forward now to the pleasant days—pleasant within doors, though the weather be inclement without. We speak of the period of the year which custom, from time immemorial, has devoted to the interchange of greetings among friends, and of the renewal of friendly offices among relatives and neighbors—the holidays.

What a pity it is that we do not all endeavor to make the year to consist of three hundred and sixty-five holidays! Nothing were easier, if we could only be induced to look at things in their proper light, and, as much as possible on their pleasant side. It is just as easy to wish every body well all the time, and to make them sensible of our good wishes, as it is to remain apparently indifferent, or worse than indifferent on all the days of the year, except the few which are remembered, and generally observed as holidays. Cheerfulness and good humor are pleasant to the possessor, as well as to those who come within his influence. Society is well avenged on cross and ill-natured men; for however much such crabbed specimens may annoy their neighbors, it is very certain that they annoy themselves more.

But a truce to moralizing—and yet there is little else to do, or to say, if we would in the way of gossip do or say any thing. There is little news afloat, except indeed, the details of firemen's riots, and upon that topic we have sufficiently spoken in another place. The literary novelties of the season, such as have appeared, have also been treated in their appropriate column. In this department of business, as in most others, we notice a cheerful and animated appearance that augurs well for the returning prosperity of the country. The booksellers tell us that they are selling freely—much more so than last year, and when people feel that they can afford to buy books, it is one of the evidences of "good times."

The political season will soon be upon us; and the President's Message to Congress is looked forward to as a document which will not be deficient in themes of exciting discussion. Among other subjects expected to be introduced, it is stated in some quarters, that the message will contain a recommendation that Texas be united to the Union. This rumor may or may not be true, and while it remains a subject of uncertainty, perhaps it is not well to waste words upon the pros and cons. It is undeniable, however, that in more than one direction indications of a disposition to revive the matter have been exhibited, and it is altogether probable that, if not introduced by the President, in his message, the subject will get before Congress at the coming session, in some other way. And whenever it comes up, the debates, we may be sure will not lack interest, nor excitement. We can only hope that they will not proceed to bitterness.

In another paragraph the reader will find the announcement of the names of the prize committee, and of other particulars relative to manuscripts submitted. That, with these contributions to its columns, the Post will be a sparkling paper, there is no need to promise.

A PUZZLE.

There is said to be living in Reading, in this State, a family consisting of a father and mother, brother and sister, uncle and aunt, and two cousins, all bearing these relations to each other, and yet the whole family is composed of only four individuals. Perhaps some of our fair readers can riddle this out.

DEATH OF COL. TRUMBULL.

The links which connect the present with the men of '76, are fast disappearing. Col. John Trumbull, the last surviving member of Gen. Washington's Military Family, died at New York, on Friday last, at the age of 87.

On Saturday, his remains reached New Haven, and on Sunday afternoon the funeral solemnities took place, an account of which we take from the New Haven Courier. The Faculty of Yale College, with the relatives and friends of the deceased, and pall-bearers, assembled at the house of Professor Silliman, at half past one o'clock, and proceeded with the corpse to the Chapel. Professor Fitch delivered an appropriate discourse, and then the College Choir beautifully performed an anthem. The Sermon was historical, with the exception of its introductory passages, where the character of Abraham was told, and also, that when he died, he was buried with "Sarah, his wife."

The parallel carried out found the venerable painter, like the ancient Patriarch, rich in years and full in godliness and wisdom, and both dying, were entombed in the same sepulchre with their wives, each of whom bore the name of "Sarah." Prof. Fitch gave a brief but faithful sketch of his eventful life—of his birth and parentage in Lebanon, in this State in 1756. He graduated at Cambridge in 1772, and soon after became aid to Gen. Washington, and participated in many important acts of the revolution. He visited Europe several times, where he began some of his great historical productions, after having been a pupil of West. He subsequently contracted with the government to supply the four superb paintings which occupy the pannels in the Rotunda at Washington, for which he received about $43,000, or $8000 for each of them. For many years he devoted himself studiously to his profession, except while acting as Secretary to Mr. Jay, during the negotiation of his celebrated Treaty.

After his final return from Europe, he conceived the design of establishing a permanent Gallery of Paintings, where all his productions, except those at Washington, could be gathered up and preserved. The proposition was made to Yale Colle and accepted, that he received $1000 annually while living, and at his death, the whole collection should revert to the Institution, the income of it as an exibition, to be applied to the aid of indigent students, which sum he has received for eleven years. During the last two or thee years, he has been residing in New York, prior to which he had been in this city in the family of his distinguished and nearest relative, Prof. Silliman. His health has been gradually failing until he died, in full Christian hope, at the advanced age of 87. Prof. Fitch closed his Discourse with a beautiful and comprehensive epitaph, such as the proudest as well as the most gifted scholars rarely have graven on their tombstones.

After the exercises had terminated, the corpse with Judge Hitchcock, Roger S. Baldwin, Captain Goodrich, ex-Governor Edwards, R. I. Ingersoll, Zebul Bradley, and B. L. Hamlen, as Pall Bearers, was taken through College to Chapel, from Chapel to Hight street, and from thence to the Trumbull Gallery, followed by the mourners, the Faculty of Yale College, Students in the different Departments, and the Undergraduates. Beneath Prof. Tyler's Lecture Room, a vault was constructed some years since at Col. Trumbull's own expense, and the remains of his wife placed there. It is made of brick and covered with a large slab, hereafter to be hermetrically sealed over. By the side of his deceased consort, were then placed the remains of the Scholar and Soldier, the distinguished Artisit and the courteous and accomplished gentleman; there to slumber under the beautiful mausoleum his genius conceived and his liberality erected, until the earth and sea "give up their dead."

The subjects of Col. Trumbull's paintings in Washington are: Declaration of Independence, Capture of Burgoyne, Surrender of Cornwallis, and Washington's Surrender of his Commission—which now adorn the rotunda of our Capitol at Washington. The colonel had just completed the publication of remembrances of his life and times, which will be very valuable to the future student of history. His life embraced a great deal of adventure. At the age of twenty, he was quarter-master general of the Northern army, under Gen. Gates, at Ticonderoga, and in 1777 was with Gen. Sullivan on Rhode Island as his aid. The refusal of the Continental Congress to date his commission from the time of his appointment by Gen. Gates, induced Col. Trumbull to retire from the army. He went to London, by permission of the British government, to study painting under West; while there, the execution of Major Andre induced the British government to adopt retaliatory measures, and they seized upon Col. Trumbull, in London, as the victim. He was confined for high treason for eight months, but West obtained a promise from the king that his life should be safe, and finally he was liberated. He retired to America before the treaty of peace was concluded.

His mind was active almost to the last, and he did not lay down his pencil until he had reached the age of 84. His last pictures were the Transfiguration, and the Death of Saint Jerome, which are in the "Trumbull Gallery" at New Haven, above spoken of. The whole number of pictures in the gallery is fifty-five.

FIREMEN'S DISTURBANCES.

We regret to state that the city and county of Philadelphia has been disgraced during the week by a series of shameful fights among the firemen; exceeding in fury and bitterness any which have ever taken place here before. The New Market, a Baltimore Fire Company, were here as the guests of the Fairmount Engine. On Saturday night, at one of the theatres, a fight occurred between certain members of the Fairmount and Weccacoe companies.

On Sunday the fight was resumed, the parties engaged being the same; and on Sunday night the Good Will and Fairmount were in a battle again; which resulted in the destruction of a portion of the Fairmount apparatus. During the night guns loaded with shot were fired, and several persons received serious injury. We have neither space nor inclination to follow all the accounts of the disturbances. It is sufficient to say that the men who were received with all the pomp and parade of a torch-light procession, went away under the escort of an immense body of police, headed by the Mayor and the Sheriff. The embarkation of the New Market Fire Company, on Monday, was witnessed probably by a larger crowd than ever before saw a visiting fire company off.

The enmity against the New Market (Baltimore) company, was on account of their imputed participation in the riots, aiding the Fairmount. Whether this charge is true or not, we do not undertake to pronounce. Confident assertions are made on both sides. One thing, however, is certain, that Fire Company excursions must go out of date, if the guests are to be expected to do amateur fighting in the cities which they visit.

Some half dozen or more arrests have grown out of this matter; but if they result in a failure to convict, or to detect the actual rioters, little good will come of it. It is to be hoped, however, that the universal expression of disgust with which the press and the citizens have visited these proceedings, will rouse the Firemen to the need of purging the department from the causes which now sink it in obloquy and disgrace. Unless they will themselves undertake and accomplish the reform, it is pretty sure that the public authorities can do nothing, short of the entire abolishment of the whole system, and the substitution of something new.

The Mayor and Police of the city, the Sheriff of the county, took all possible measures, and with much effect to quell the disturbance; particularlarly on Monday, when they were successful; and the Commissioners of Spring Garden have taken steps to prevent disturbances from getting head in future.

THE QUARTERS.

The Postmaster at Boston, has given notice that Spanish coin, fractions of a dollar, will hereafter be received and paid at that office, without any discount from the face.

CURIOUS SHOWER.

It will be remembered that, a year or two ago there was reported, in East Tennessee, a "shower of flesh and blood." Those who saw it, however, were ignorant and superstitious negroes; and the matter, on examination, proved to be larvæ of some kind of insects. Now, however, the thing is started afresh, and the witnesses this time are said to be credible, but the story does look too [illegible] Mr. L. M. Davis writes a letter to a Southern paper, from which we extract:

"On Saturday last, while Mr. Wm. M. Inlow and his two sons were picking cotton on his plantation, (in Laurens District, near Enoree river, and about two miles below Musgrove's Mills,) the younger son called to the others, who were a little distance from him, to listen, for he heard something falling near him. They thought he was mistaken, and paid but little attention to it, but he insisted and told them if they would come he would show it to them on the ground. They went and found the ground, strewed with what appeared to them to be pieces of meat, varying from the size of an ounce ball to larger than a hen's egg. These pieces were very moist, and red as blood or anything else could make them; and the grass, cotton, or whatever they came in contact with, was stained as with blood. They were scattered several feet apart, over a space of ground some twenty or thirty yards in width, and they examined it for something like fifty yards at length, but did not go to the end of it.

"I was informed of it yesterday, and went, in company with two gentleman to visit the place in person. We were so lucky as to find some of the article still remaining, and all agreed that it had the appearance of flesh, of the finest mould, much finer than we had ever seen before. Some of the pieces appeared to be entirely fat, but most of it lean, very red, and somewhat transparent, when held up toward the light; but it was considerably dried when I saw it, having lain twenty-four hours.

"The younger, Wm. Inlow, a very intelligent and credible youth of fourteen, says, he first heard a few scattering pieces fall, and looking up saw the air darkened with them; and that it looked something like snow falling slowly, when the flakes are far apart; but that the pieces fell more rapidly. The shower fell about the middle of the day, while the sun was shining, and a few light clouds were in the atmosphere: but nothing visible could be assigned as the cause for the phenomenon.

A CHILDISH BRIDE.

The New York Aurora states that a curious petition for divorce is before the court of Chancery in that State. It is that of an overgrown female child, not yet seventeen, who asked to be divorced from her husband, he having been entrapped into a marriage which has never been consummated. She is an only daughter, and heiress to a large fortune. Some months back, a young gentleman, who was studying law there, was introduced to her family at a ball, and wished to visit them. He made love to the girl, appointed a rendezvous and the twain went to a parson, and had the ceremony performed. Things went on as before for some weeks, until the *quasi* bride and her family were about to make a tour to the South, and then the semi-husband declared himself, and claimed his bride. A change in the meantime came over the papa and mamma and they did not give so much encouragement as before. The real state of things was then discovered, and the delivery up of the young wife demanded. A refusal ensued, and a Court of Equity was appealed to, to annul the marriage. We trust the application will be successful, and that the parents of the very young widow-bewitched will make her a present of a new doll of the most approved modern pattern.

SHIPWRECK.

The packet ship Sheffield, Popham, from Liverpool, October 5, with cargo of merchandize to Robert Kermit, went ashore in the fog on the East Bank, on Saturday at 2 o'clock P. M., it blowing fresh from the E. S. E. The breakers making a breach over her, they were obliged to cut away all the masts to keep her from rolling over. In the evening the wind shifting to the westward, the steamboat Wave went to her assistance, and succeeded in taking off the passengers and bringing them to the city. The vessel is a total loss.

There were over a hundred steerage passengers, and a few cabin passengers, among whom was Erastus Brooks, Esq. one of the editors of the New York Express. The danger was most emminent—for nothing except the Providential change of the wind could have saved the lives of the passengers. The alarm and distress on board may be imagined better than described; and the gratitude of the passengers as they literally bounded from the wreck to the steamer, found expression in audible thanksgiving. That none were lost among so many exposed to danger, is truly a miracle.

SENTENCED.

Mike Walsh, the editor of a paper called the Subterranean, having been convicted of several libels, was sentenced by the Recorder of New York, on Friday last. When asked what he had to say, Mike answered, "Why, sir, I've a good deal to say, but I believe I'll postpone it to another time." The Recorder then proceeded to announce that the liberty of the Press was a good thing, but its licentiousness was a public curse, and then he sentenced Walsh for the libel on Magnus, to pay a fine of $25; for the libel on Slamm, to pay $109; for the assault and battery, to pay $50; and lastly, for the libel on Joseph Southard, to go to Blackwell's Island for two months.

In rude abuse of individuals this "Subterranean" was perhaps unexceeded. Walsh seemed to imagine that the possession of a newspaper, gave him a perfect right to say anything he chose; and to make all kinds of charges against every body who fell under his displeasure. He has probably learned by this time, that there is a limit to the "liberty of the press."

MR. WEBSTER AND MR. ADAMS.

Mr. Webster has been making a great speech to a mass meeting of Whigs at Andover, Mass. It occupied him in delivery a little over two hours, and is published at length in the leading Whig papers of the country. This speech consisted, to a great extent, of quotations from his former speeches, for he had "nothing new to say upon the great public interests of the country—as agriculture, commerce, and manufactures." Respecting a National Bank, he declares, as formerly, that it is perfectly constitutional, but doubts whether the people want one on the old model. In relation to the Tariff he declares himself in favor of protection, but not to the extent of prohibition. In relation to himself, and his remaining in the cabinet he intimated that he did so by advice. Mr. Clay is said to have been his adviser.

Mr. Adams has been at Cincinnati, delivering an address at the laying of the corner stone of the observatory in the Queen city. The inhabitants appear to have been delighted with their guest, and to have paid him the highest honor.

"HONOR" AT A DISCOUNT.

A letter dated Cologne, September 22d, says:—"Lieut. Parker, who lately, in consequence of a dispute at a ball, fought a duel with Mr. Hain, a bookseller, and shot him, was sentenced by a court-martial to be beheaded. The King has commuted this sentence to fifteen years' imprisonment in a fortress; and Lieut. Parker has accordingly been conveyed to the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, as well as the two seconds, who are condemned to ten years' imprisonment. The other two persons implicated in the duel are said to be sentenced to five and two years imprisonment. No doubt is entertained that the imprisonment of the two seconds, at least, will be abridged." We have been gratified to notice at the South, many indications that duelling is going out of favor and out of fashion. A gentleman was recently complimented by his friends with a barbecue, for having the moral courage to decline a challenge.

ANOTHER FLYING MACHINE.

At a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences, in Paris, an account was read of a flying machine, propelled by steam, which has recently been invented by a mechanic of Nuremburg. A small model has worked so well, that he has been supplied with funds to enable him to construct one twelve feet long. When we see this chap come flying over, with the latest news from the continent, we shall believe that he is successful. Somebody is to invent a flying machine, however, before this world is a hundred years older.

INTERESTING SERVICES.

The Baptists of Pennsylvania and New Jersey have been holding in this city a mass missionary meeting. Many of the most able and eloquent clergy of the city and both States were present, and the proceedings were deeply interesting.

The meetings, which continued from Friday till Tuesday, were held in the Sansom Street Baptist Church. Large sums have been collected in aid of the missionary enterprise; on Tuesday evening the amount collected came near to a thousand dollars. The Baptist denomination have found these Mass Meetings to exert a wonderful influence in creating a Missionary spirit in their churches. The one just closed was the eighth or ninth that has been held in the United States since the arrival of Mr. Kincaid from Burmah. The holding of several others is now in contemplation, the first of which will take place in Baltimore.

A RELIC.

The New York Commercial describes a curious specimen of the ocean's workmanship. It is a large horsemen's pistol, so completely incrusted with agglomerated sand and shells that but for the shape, and two openings through which the kernel, as we may call it, is still visible, it would be impossible to discover what the enclosed object was. It was picked up on a beach somewhere at the South—on the coast of Mexico we believe—having doubtless been thrown up by a storm. The weight of the mass is probably ten times as great as that of the enclosed weapon; and the sand and shells have become indurated to the hardness of a brick, or very compact stone.

THE LATE MR. LEGARE.

On Tuesday of last week, the day appointed by the authorities of Charleston, S. C., the Hon. W. C. Preston pronounced an eloquent eulogy on the late Hugh S. Legare, Attorney General of the United States. The Mercury says it occupied an hour and twenty minutes, and was listened to by a large audience with the deepest interest. It was indeed worthy of the author of his subject—characterised by simplicity of language, warmth of feeling, a generous appreciation and luminous exhibition of the intellectual history and achievements of Mr. Legare.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Our readers will remember that a law was passed last year in Vermont, which requires that persons liable to suffer death for crimes of which they are convicted, be imprisoned *until* the Governor signs the death warrant. As there is no law making it imperative on the executive to sign such a warrant, the operation of the law is to substitute imprisonment for life instead of hanging. Strange to say, at the recent session an attempt was made to introduce a bill to render this merciful and just act nugatory. It signally failed.

CONFESSION.

The man Geisler, convicted of the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, at Huntingdon, L. I., has made a full confession, and includes in it the acknowledgment that he murdered a man before he came to this country. It is singular, however, that although the confession is so supported by circumstances, that there is no doubt of its truth, and of the man's guilt, still it conflicts decidedly with the testimony on which he was convicted.

COL. JOHNSON.

The veteran dined with Commodore Elliott on Saturday last, at West Chester. He was received at that place by a procession of the citizens. On Sunday he attended the Episcopal Church, and in the afternoon, he departed, accompanied by Commodore Elliott and some others, by way of the Brandywine battle ground, for Wilmington, on his way to Washington City, where business of pressing importance requires his attention.

AMERICAN SILK.

The New York American thus speaks of some specimens of silk manufactured by a company in Dedham, Mass. "It is of a beauty and quality that we have rarely seen surpassed. We learn that the native and all the foreign silks are used at this manufactory, and are both worked into sewings and woven. The amount made of all kinds is valued at over $200,000 per annum."

ANOTHER PRODIGY.

A German musical periodical announces the greatest prodigy as yet—a boy who has the power of emitting three vocal sounds at the same time, and therefore of executing music in three parts! Of course this lad will be found to have a hand capable of accepting payment in three parts for his vocal abilities.

NEW ORLEANS.

The yellow fever has at last disappeared from the Crescent City, much to the joy of its citizens; and business begins to resume its wonted cheerfulness.

SCARPA'S OIL.

A new testimonial will be found in this day's paper, to the effectiveness of Scarpa's Acoustic Oil.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

Bristol, England, October 18, 1843.

The arrest of O'Connell and several of [illegible] friends, is, of course, the leading topic of [illegible] day—but of that important, though as so[illegible] think, *rather late* event, the newspapers are [illegible] of particulars and comments. I will not, the[illegible] fore, add to them, except to say that there [illegible] several singular rumors afloat, all of them [illegible] bably groundless. Yet one of the reports i[illegible] the effect that the Repeal movement is not [illegible] together confined to Ireland, but it has its ra[illegible] fications also in other nations. Indeed, since O'Connell's remark, that an Irish brigade could be raised to pitch Louis Philippe from [illegible] throne, would almost seem to justify such [illegible] impression. It has set the French Press [illegible] people in a flame. The very idea of any [illegible] eign interference with them, is of course, [illegible] ous. And it is worthy of note—the objec[illegible] the remark was—not by pointing to the ov[illegible] throw of Louis Philippe, to introduce Repu[illegible] canism—but to restore a scion of the old Ro[illegible] Family of France—who were put aside by [illegible] recent Revolution of the three days. I can[illegible] help observing here, that any allusion of [illegible] kind was highly injurious on the part of O'Connell—for Louis Philippe is very popu[illegible] in France; and except with a few ultra and violent politicians—he is deemed one of [illegible] best monarchs that ever reigned in that co[illegible] try. With regard to Ireland, I am happy to [illegible] able to say, that the most influential pre[illegible] and people declare their conviction that Gov[illegible] ment intends to apply large and liberal re[illegible] dies to the existing political evils there—[illegible] not until all attempts at intimidation are a[illegible] doned. I am positive that conciliation [illegible] concession will be abundantly mingled [illegible] their policy—for this is even admitted by [illegible] Anti-ministerial papers. So we trust tha[illegible] difficulties will be reconciled. As concess[illegible] are certainly due on the score of the chu[illegible] men have naturally of late, turned their a[illegible] tion to the subject of the Church of Eng[illegible] (State Church,) not only in Ireland, but in [illegible] country. I believe I have already furni[illegible] you with statistics on this subject in relati[illegible] Ireland; and I will now, with your permis[illegible] add a few items, so far as regards the ch[illegible] in England. In so doing, I pray you n[illegible] misinterpret my meaning into any hostili[illegible] the church. On the contrary, I am of its [illegible] and partake in its worship—but I would [illegible] spectfully to the establishment, point out [illegible] desirableness of reform in its temporalities [illegible] short, I like your American system of ha[illegible] all religions free, and none connected wi[illegible] State. But to return. According to a [illegible] ment recently laid before the House of [illegible] mons, there are in the Church of Englan[illegible]

Number of benefices,	6,69[illegible]
Resident incumbents,	[illegible]
Non-resident incumbents,	2,73[illegible]
Vacancies and recent institutions,	1[illegible]
Sequestrations,	3[illegible]
No returns,	3[illegible]

The curates serving benefices on w[illegible] incumbents are non-resident is 2,[illegible] number of curates assistant to resident incumbents is 2,032. Total number of curates, 4,743. The curates receive small stipends:

Under £50 a year.	312
£50 and under £60,	574
£60 and under £70,	326
£70 and under £80,	482
£80 and under £90,	642
£90 and under £100,	184
Total under £100,	2521

Now really this requires reform, for while 2,521 of the working curates receive less than £100 a year, some of the Bishops receive many thousands. While on the subject of ecclesiastical affairs, it may not be amiss to glance at the present position of things in Scotland, whence the latest advices inform us that the disturbances consequent on the induction of new ministers in the room of those who have given up their cures to join the free church, are causing the ministry considerable embarrassment.—Troops are, it is said, to be sent to the "disturbed districts" to protect the civil powers who have been openly set at defiance by the people. So much for Lord Aberdeen's Act, which the Royal speech assured us was to restore religious peace to Scotland! Troops for Scotland—troops for Wales—troops for Ireland! Truly the state doctor seems to have adopted St. John Long's plan of curing by irritation. The medicated rubbings have decidedly produced what St. John Long would have called a "counter-irritation." Looking calmly at all these things, I am convinced that the day is fast approaching, that will bring effectual reform in the patronage and temporalities of all established or State Churches.

And now for a little chit-chat. *On dit*, that certain European Sovereigns have agreed to recall King Otho, of Greece, and set up Prince George, of Cambridge, in his stead. A troublesome set to govern, those Greeks. I think the Prince had better keep clear of them. Among the recent deaths, I notice that of Captain Bryan, M. P., for Kilkenny County. He was worth £40,000 a year. This is the gentleman who was under the curious agreement to the celebrated actress, Miss Walstein, (the rival of Miss O'Neill,) with whom he had a *liaison*, to marry her at the death of his lady, under a penalty of £30,000. Miss W. is living in a convent in France, on an annuity of £500 a-year allowed by Captain B. It was at this gentleman's castle of Jenkinstown, the theatricals, rendered so famous by Tom Moore, took place, and there it was that Miss O'Neill met with her husband, Sir W. Wrixon Becher. Touching theatricals in the Metropolis, the winter theatres are all open. Old Drury is devoted to opera and ballet. So far as the season has gone, the operas have been very indifferently presented, but the ballet has drawn immensely. Carlotta Grisi is creating a perfect *furore* in the *Peri*. At Covent Garden a new comedy has been produced, from the pen of Mr. Bourcicault, with equivocal success. The Keeleys, however, shine in a new farce. The Adelphi has opened very effectively with its usual style of entertainments; and the "Little Olympic," under Wilde's management, promises to be attractive. But some of the managers are expected to "smash" long before the season is over. The truth is, theatricals are on the decline in this country. I observe also, that in Prussia, actors, vocalists and *danseuses* are not quite so much worshipped as formerly. *Voila!* a little story of a recent event at Berlin. *Mademoiselle Montez*, the celebrated Spanish *danseuse*, is likely to have a brief retirement in some prison. Her dancing on the stage has created an immense sensation. It appears that on the day of the late Grand Review, she was present on horseback, and kept at some distance from the royal *cortege*. When, however, the firing began, her horse took fright, and rushed among the suite of the two Sovereigns. A gens d'arme ordered her to fall back, and at the same time gave a blow with the flat of his sabre to her horse. Feeling irritated at such a liberty, she struck the man across the face with her whip. He was cool enough to keep quiet, and merely lodged a complaint against her. The next day a huissier handed her a summons to appear in court to answer the charge. As soon as she learned what the paper meant, she tore it in pieces, and threw it at her feet. The huissier at once went for the public force, and had her arrested for having manifested marks of disrespect to the orders of justice—a misdemeanor punishable with from three to five years' imprisonment. The fair and fascinating Montez is only 19 years of age, and is the daughter of a deceased and distinguished Spanish General. The Rebecca crusade against the Turnpike gates in Wales still continues; and Government has offered £500 reward each for the ringleaders. The Duke of Bordeaux is here; and the Grand Duke Michael, of Prussia, has also been received with brilliant hospitality. After inspecting the lions of London, he proceeded to Scotland. Mr. Magnay, a paper maker, is elected the present "Whittington—Lord Mayor of London town." Sir Robert Peel has evinced a noble liberality, in subscribing four thousand pounds from his private purse towards building new churches.

The well known T. Hood, is no longer editor of the New Monthly. At Rome, a discontented physician attempted to shoot the Pope on the 27th ult. He was arrested; but Italy, in gen-

[illegible] says is a particular noun, [illegible] gle number, uncertain mood, laughable, and agrees with *girls*." "The next" is a masculine noun, inferior number, [illegible] tive mood, and belongs to the girls, with [illegible] it agrees." "School's dismissed."

A Clever Reply.—A servant girl [illegible] town of A——, whose beauty formed [illegible] ter of general admiration and discu[illegible] passing a group of officers in the street, [illegible] one of them exclaim to his fellows, "by [illegible] she's painted!" "Yes sir, and by [illegible] only!" she very quietly replied, turning [illegible] The officer acknowledged the force of [illegible] buke, and apologized.

Sticking to a Proverb.—A gentleman [illegible] sing along one of the streets in New [illegible] observed a negro trying to kill a beautiful [illegible] of canaries, kept in a cage, by repeatedly [illegible] ing a stone at them. The gentleman, [illegible] at his conduct, inquired—"Why do you [illegible] to harm those birds?" "'Cause as how [illegible] tell me, 'kill two birds wid one stone whe[illegible] me can.'"

Persevere.—Many of the greatest [illegible] sprung from humble origin, as the lark, [illegible] nest is on the ground, soars highest in th[illegible] Narrow circumstances are the most pow[illegible] stimulants to mental expansion, and the frowns of fortune the best security for her smiles.

Peter the Great once saw in Eng[illegible] crowd of gentlemen with green bags, a[illegible] enquiry, learned to his astonishment, that [illegible] were all lawyers. "Lawyers!" said he, [illegible] I have but two in my whole empire, [illegible] mean to hang one of them as soon as [illegible] home."

Sincerity.—Any deviation from the [illegible] exact and scrupulous sincerity is repugnant [illegible] the good faith that ought to prevail in [illegible] tracts. Any dissimulation concerning the [illegible] ject matter of the contract, and what the [illegible] site party has an interest in knowing, is [illegible] trary to that good faith.—*Pothier.*

Dr. Murray, the eminent chemist, says [illegible] cold water, either by effusion on the he[illegible] submersion, chlorine gas, and the chlo[illegible] are one and all prompt and specific anti[illegible] to prussic acid.

A young woman never looks so interest[illegible] when at her devotions. A son never s[illegible] as when in the discharge of an act of kindness.

Oliver Cromwell was born on the [illegible] September, on that day fought the three battles of Marston Moor, Worcester and D[illegible] and on that day died!

Dutch Justice.—"Mynheer, vat you th[illegible] dis case?" "Vy, Mynheer, I tink as you t[illegible]" "I tink so too."

Scandal is the sport of its authors, the [illegible] of fools, and the contempt of the wise.

you not recognize in them a power superior to your's—a terrible punishment from on high on the guilty? Oh! fear not, gentlemen, to be too merciful; man's justice when it is not inexorable, still leaves the criminal to the justice of God, and remorse is the most terrible of all punishments." Notwithstanding this appeal, Salmon was condemned to death; he was so cast down that the gensdarmes were obliged to carry him out of court. It is certainly fortunate that the wretch was not acquitted, as such a decision would have operated as a premium for additional murders.

Two severe shocks of earthquakes were experienced a few days since, at *Ille-et-Vilaine*, in France. At *Chateaugiron*, two masons were thrown from the roof of a house by its violence. A queer and singular excitement was produced a few days since, at *Glandier*, in France, by a public sale of the effects of the infamous murderess, Madame Laffarge. Her piano sold for 4788 francs, a lace dress 465 francs, a *prayer book* (!) 48 francs, and to crown all, *on dit*, that a young English lady, gave 50 francs for the very glass in which Madame Laffarge gave her husband his death-drink! Can such a woman, (and she is said to be lovely,) ever expect to get a husband? I am really sorry that I cannot send you her name, for I really think that all mankind out to be warned against the fascinations of the "lovely young English girl, with Madame Laffarge's poison-glass."

Local Intelligence.

Firemen's Meeting.—The members of the Fairmount Engine Company held a meeting at their house on Monday evening and passed several resolutions, one of which was that they withdraw their apparatus from service for the period of one month. A committee is about making a report explaining the causes which led to the late riotous proceedings.

We have seen a card in which the Fairmount company generously forego all attempt to vindicate themselves, except to say that they fought only in defence of their guests; and in which they maintain that the Baltimore company had no part whatever in these disturbances. We are pleased to hear this, and willing to believe it.

☞ The United States Gazette states that the Committee appointed by the City Councils, at the meeting of that body nearly three weeks since, to purchase Lemon Hill, (Pratt's Garden,) held a meeting on Monday night last, and authorized a Sub-Committe to negotiate with the owners of the property for the estate, and that Sub-Committee has since concluded the bargain; so that Lemon Hill, and a few acres of the property known as *Sedgely*, now belong to the City of Philadelphia.

Daring Robbery.—On Friday, a farmer named Overholt, who was about to return home from market, took a stranger into his wagon, at his request. This stranger, the wagon having reached a lonely plance in the road beyond the Rising Sun village, struck Mr. O. a blow which stunned him, threw him out of his own wagon, and made off. The wagon has not been recovered, but the thief, whose name is Hultz, from Lancaster county, is safe in Moyamensing.

Robbery of a Church.—The German Lutheran Church, corner of Fourth and Cherry sts., was entered on Monday or Tuesday night through a window, on the east side, and robbed of the crimson velvet altar cloth, fringed with gold. Also, the gold tassels and fringe around the pulpit cushion. A reward of $50 has been offered.

Complimentary.—A beautiful silver vase, from the manufactory of the Messrs. Wilson, will, in a few days, be presented to Joseph A. Dean, late County Commissioner, by a number of his fellow citizens, as a testimony of their estimation of his discharge of the duties of his office.

☞ The Grand Jury late in session returned nearly eighty bills against tippling houses in the city and county.

The Lecture Season.

MR. WINES' LECTURES.

The subject of Mr. Wines' Third Lecture was the evidence that to suppress and supplant idolatry was the grand design, and constituted, as it were, the very soul of the Mosaic Institutes. He entered into an elaborate and erudite examination of the qualities and tendencies of polytheism, and of the nature, design and limit of the theocracy. He showed that the theocratic feature of the government was not an arrangement of the commonwealth, fundamentally different from the monarchial, aristocratical, democratical, and mixed forms of government; but that, viewed as to its main design, it was nothing more than a name, or contrivance, employed the more effectually to exclude idolatry. God took the name of king, as a title that conferred honor on the Israelites, and the great object of it was to supplant idolatry, without an infringement of that essentiel and precious principle of civil liberty, that mere opinions are not to be cramped and restrained by the pains and penalties of the civil law.

These lectures are exceedingly useful to students of the Sacred Scriptures—a designation which ought to include every man and woman who can read.

POPULAR LECTURES.

The first of a series of Lectures in Chemistry, Electricity, &c., was delivered on Tuesday evening at the Temperance Hall, Northern Liberties, by Rev. J. J. Kerr. The apparatus used is of modern and approved construction, being principally from the Pennsylvania University; and the experiments embraced some of the most pleasing and instructive Phenomena of electricity. The lecturer commenced by giving an account of the earliest observations on the subject, and described and explained the two theories, now received: one, that rather the most prevalent in Europe, supposes two fluids, the *vitreous* and *resinous*; the other, the Franklinean theory supposes but one fluid, with two properties, the positive and negative. On a subject like this, where the lecturer had prepared himself with much care for the exact treatment of his subject, we cannot do him the injustice to offer an imperfect report. The syllabus of succeeding lectures embraces the most interesting subjects in the science of chemistry, and the experiments will be of the most interesting character. The course will be delivered on Tuesday evening of each week; and tickets may be had at the door.

DAVID PAUL BROWN, ESQ.

Delivered his lecture on the Passions, before the Union Library Company of Holmesburgh, on Saturday evening last. We learn that the Association was, as might have been expected, exceedingly gratified by Mr. Brown's Lecture. The Association is in a most flourishing condition, and is effecting a great deal of good.

☞ N. P. Willis, the poet, was to deliver the opening lecture of the course before the Mercantile Library Association of Baltimore, on Tuesday evening.

☞ A Lecture by the Rev. Albert Barnes, delivered in Baltimore, is warmly praised by the press of that city.

Educational.

☞ The Cincinnati Atlas publishes a letter from the Austrian Charge d'Affaires at Washington to Prof. Mitchell, who has charge of the Observatory in Cincinnati, presenting, in the name of the Emperor of Austria, the 21st volume of the Annals of the Astronomical Observatory of Vienna.

☞ Dr. Edward H. Effingwell, formerly of New Haven, and late of Bowdoin College, has been appointed Professor of Chemistry and Natural History in the University of Missouri, at Columbia, in that State.

☞ The winter session of Princeton, N. J., College, commenced on Thursday last, and the class has an accession of upwards of seventy new students.

Political Intelligence.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Returns from all the towns are received, and the result cannot vary much from the following statement:—Briggs, Whig candidate for Governor, 4299 over Morton, but there are about 9000 Abolition votes to balance this, and prevent a choice. Of the Senators elected, 12 are Whigs, 7 Democrats, and 21 no choice. Of the House, 152 are Whigs, 109 Democrats, and 137 no choice. This makes a Whig majority of five in the Senate board, and forty-four in the House. So far, Mr. Grinnell, of New Bedford, has been elected to Congress by a clear majority of 635 votes.

The above account is not yet *full*—but is very nearly so. It requires in Massachusetts, not merely a *plurality* but a *majority* of all the votes to elect.

THE CABINET.

A Washington letter in the Journal of Commerce, peremptorily denies, "by the authority of one of the members of the Cabinet," the late rumors of dissension in that body, and adds, "there has been no disagreement of any kind on any subject," the Cabinet being entirely harmonious.

Michigan.—The story in this State is all one way. All the counties heard from, so far, are Democratic, by large majorities:—Oakland, 1000; Wayne, 550; Washtenaw, 300; Jackson, 500; Monroe, 600; Lenawee, 500; Calhoun, 400; Hillsdale, 50; St. Clair, 150; Genessee, 100; Branch, 300.

NEW YORK ELECTION.

Official reports establish the fact that the Democrats have 26 of the next Senate of New York, the Whigs 6. In the House the Democrats have 91, the Whigs 37.

☞ J. Washington Tyson, Esq., of this city, has entered upon the duties of Assistant Post Master General.

General News.

Suicide of a Witness.—A man named Storick, a witness in the case of Adam Horn, indicted for the murder of his wife, at Reisterstown, Md., committed suicide, at that place on Sunday last. The Baltimore Patriot contains a letter concerning it, from which we clip this paragraph: "Storick, it may be remembered, is the person to whom Horn was about to make over his property when he was arrested in Philadelphia. It is said the deceased acknowledged that he went into Horn's house when he was engaged in cutting up the body of his wife—that Horn told him he had killed her with a fire shovel, and promised, if he (Storick) would not reveal the dreadful deed, he would make over to him his property."

☞ Great complaint has been made of the potatoes in this vicinity during the present Fall, and it would seem that the same disease has attacked the vegetable near Utica, N. Y., and destroyed thousands of bushels. The farmers finding them turning black, commenced feeding their hogs on them, and it resulted not only in the loss of the potatoes, but also of the hogs; one man losing his whole stock, fifteen in number, and another four out of six, which ate of the affected food.

The Sailor.—The Boston Post mentions the following incident, which happened in that city on Tuesday last, as illustrative of the character of the sailor: It became kown that the wife of a shipmaster, who was absent on a long voyage and who had met with reverses, was without the means of support; and in a few hours a subscription was made up, principally by other captains in port, amounting to the sum of three hundred dollars, which was promptly placed in the lady's hands.

A Scene in Court.—The Adams Sentinel states, that while Judge Buchanan was passing sentence of death upon the unhappy criminal Chrise, in Cumberland, Md., last week, his feelings were so excited as almost to impede utterance. After passing sentence the Judge arose, and with him, the other members of the Court, the Bar, and the whole assembly, when he offered up to the Throne of Grace, a most fervent prayer in behalf of the doomed and unfortunate man.

Petrifaction.—The Alton (Ill.) Telegraph says a piece of honey-comb, weighing about half a pound, and completely petrified, was left at that office some days since, for the purpose of being presented to the Illinois Horticultural Society. It was found a few years ago in Iowa, by the Rev. John Gilham, formerly of that county, and is in a state of great perfection—the honey cells being mostly filled with petrified bee-bread and retaining their usual form.

Opinion on the Bankrupt Law.—We learn from the Joliet (Ill.) Signal, that Judge Young, while presiding in that county, intimated an opinion in the case of Wattels vs. Lalor, in which a discharge under the Bankrupt act was pleaded in defence of the action, that the *voluntary* part of the Bankrupt Law was unconstitutional. The Signal says he took the case under advisement till the next term, but expressed decidedly his impression as above stated.

☞ During the last summer, in Bush county, Indiana, a young woman, in defending her mother from an attack made on her by the husband and father, struck him a blow which produced death. The young woman has been tried for murder, and acquitted. It is said the father was "drunken, wicked, and profligate." Another item to swell the account of the miseries of drunkenness! The young woman, though acquitted, must be unhappy for life.

☞ The Boston Transcript states that there is now in an Agricultural Warehouse in that city, a pumpkin, called the seven years variety, that was raised by Joseph T. Buckingham, Esq., Editor of the Boston Courier, in 1838, consequently it is now *five* years old, and still in a good state of preservation. Seeds of this variety were first sent to Boston from Washington in 1835, by the Hon. Abbot Lawrence, then Representative in Congress.

Fire and Loss of Three Lives.—On Thursday evening, a sad disaster happened in Newark, New Jersey. The house of Mr. Gershaw Chadwick took fire was entirely consumed; and what is most distressing, three of the inmates, Mrs. Chadwick and two children, a girl and boy, perished in the flames. A coroner's jury have since collected such evidence as induced the return of a verdict that the house was set on fire by some person unknown.

☞ James McDermot, lately tried for murder, in Toronto, Canada, has been convicted and sentenced to be hung on the 21st. Grace Marks, of the same place, tried as being accessary to the murder of Thomas Kinnear, has also been sentenced to be hung on the same day. When the verdict was given she swooned away and falling forward, fell on one of the spike surrounding the dock and inflicted a wound upon her breast.

New York Revenue.—The financial resources of the State of New York may be thus stated in round numbers: The net revenue of all her Canals, over the cost of maintenance and superintendance, is $1,500,000; her revenue from auction duties is $200,000; and her revenue from the salt duty is $100,000; in all $1,800,000—equal to a capital at 6 per cent. of $30,000,000. The total debt of the State is $23,500,000.

An Old Negress.—We are informed, says the Cheraw (S. C.) Gazette, that on a plantation near Georgetown, there now lives, or did a short time ago, reside, comfortable and happy in her old age, a negro woman, originally from Africa, whose age, as near as can be computed, is about 132 years. She was brought to this county 90 years ago, and was then the mother of a family in Africa.

☞ The Nantucket Telegraph states that the whole quantity of whale oil imported this year, is very near 200,000 bbls., and such has been the demand that 15,000 bbls. constitute the whole present stock.

Murder and Suicide.—A wretch, named Doyle, at Little Rock, Arkansas, killed his wife by throwing a pot of boiling rosin and grease over her. He afterwards cut his own throat.

United States
SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

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Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Removals must always state the Post Office removed *from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangements.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World of Fashion.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, assisted by *Moses Meeker, Jas. R. Smith, O. H. Comstock, J. R. Humphreys, J. T. Dent and E. Y. Jennings.*

SAMUEL H. STEVENSON, assisted by *James H. Stevenson and John F. Johnson*, for Kentucky.

HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, and Henry Platt.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Pennsylvania.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

W. H. and W. M. WHEELER, for Arkansas.

JAS. F. EASTON is collecting for us in Missouri, Illinois, and parts of Wisconsin and Iowa.

ALANSON BILLINGS, of Nashville, Tenn., is duly authorized to obtain new subscribers to Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World. *Single copies* may also be had at his store in Nashville.

Notices of New Works.

Sacred Poems of N. P. Willis.—Here is an "Extra Mirror," which we suspect will have a wider sale than any previous pamphlet issued for the past twelve-month. It is the first complete edition of Mr. Willis's Sacred Poetry; and contains the work by which Mr. W., if he knows his own strength, would rather be judged than by any thing which he has ever written. There is a harmony between a sacred theme and true poetry which makes the one adorn and support the other. If it be the province of poetry to supply an universal language, it must be in its compass also to speak to all hearts in intelligible tones; to converse with the humble and with the proud, with the exalted and with the lowly. This sacred poetry ever has done. David is the cherished companion of those who are blind as Homer, himself, to the beauties of that first "big beggar poet;" and to descend from the inspired Hebrew, and the scholar-canonized Greek, to men who have no claim to inspiration, and can sustain none to what is called literary immortality, we find, among our contemporaries those poets most successful who best choose their themes.

We but record the faith of thousands when we speak of Mr. Willis's sacred verse as that by which he will be remembered when his prose trifling is forgotten. Chameleon like, the latter takes its hue from contemporary shades of life and manners—and its lively and beautiful colors are borrowed from matters for which the next generation will not care three half-pence. Mr. Willis can describe nature—but even when he does, it is apt to be the nature of "closely shaven lawns," "artificially clumped trees, "landscape gardening," and all that sort of nature bewitched. The next generation or two, will care as much for these things, as the new purchaser or lessee of a house cares for his predecessor's fancy in box borders and gravel walks. Men change, and men's improvements on nature, paint on lilies, and artificial perfumes for violets change with them. Mr. Willis can describe men and women, too, and here and there in his prose we find a character who looks like an unartificial descendant of Adam or a natural daughter of Eve, but the great crowd of his magazine and newspaper heroes and heroines are like his landscapes, artificial—like his flowers taken, not from the natural growth, but from the conservatory.

We are not speaking of Mr. W. as a magazine writer now, but as an author in a higher sense. If he chooses to "give to the fashion plates what was meant for mankind," it is none of our business. It is his, and he finds his account—his bank account in it. Long may he do so! As a magazine writer, if the standard be attractiveness, high and elegant finish, he is without an equal. That reader must have reached great habits of self-denial, who can pass a sketch of his unread. But when he is cold, and the generation among which he moves are cold and dead, the next will no more think of admiring the great body of his prose, than he will think this winter, of eating ices, in any one of the delightful summer resorts which his pen has so beautifully painted. His magazine prose has its season—his Sacred Poetry is perennial.

Alison's Europe. *Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co., and Perkins & Purves.*—The sixteenth number of this valuable work is at length published, completing the fourth and last volume. The delay has been no disadvantage to the reader, as will appear, when we state what has been done. In the first place a copious index has been supplied, which the European edition has not; and the volumes are thus made useful and convenient as a work of reference; a great advantage to so voluminous a publication.

Much complaint has been made of Mr. Alison's mistakes and misrepresentations in reference to this country. The seventy-sixth chapter, on the last war between the United States and Great Britain, contained some mistakes, which rendered it advisable, in conformity with Mr. Alison's own desire, to correct those errors of fact, as well as his inadequate delineations of our Republican institutions. Chancellor Kent, having transmitted to Mr. Alison a packet of critical remarks, has furnished the American publishers with a copy of them, which, with Mr. Alison's corrections, have been inserted in the present edition. A series of explanatory notes has also been appended, which have been approved by competent judges, and tend materially to rectify Mr. Alison's principal errors, and to enhance the value of the narrative. Under such advantages is this truly valuable work presented to the American reader in a better form than the original English edition.

The Opal. *A Pure Gift for the Holy Days. Edited by N. P. Willis. With Nine Illustrations, by J. G. Chapman. New York: J. C. Riker. Philadelphia: Cowperthwaite & Co.*—In the list of contributors to this work we have Rev. Geo. Bush, D.D., N. P. Willis, James Aldrich, Ernest Helfenst in, Richard Henry Wilde, Mancur, Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, W. A. Jones, Cornelius Mathews, W. H. Burleigh, Mrs. Seba Smith, Rev. Geo. W. Bethune, D. D., Rev. Herman Hooker, Rev. Geo. B. Cheever, Robert Morris, H. W. Herbert, Miss Mary L. Lawson, Charles Fenno Hoffman, Mrs. Emma C. Embury, Park Benjamin, Samuel D. Patterson, N. Cheever, M. D., Wm. Pitt Palmer, H. Hastings Weld, Henry T. Tuckerman, Mrs. P. W. Chandler, Edgar A. Poe, Wm. H. Burleigh, Rev. S. F. Smith, and the Translator of "Mary Stuart." The number of articles is thirty-six, mirroring many minds, so many, that the taste must be difficult indeed, which finds nothing to admire in such a variety. It is very tastefully got up; and yet in such a manner as to leave its purchase within the compass of a reasonable man's purse. We trust it may prove the first of a long line of annuals.

Portrait of an English Clergyman.—*By Rev. W. Gresley. New York: Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.* This is an exceedingly interesting book of its class, and will be widely read, and with much attention, particularly by those who take an interest in the questions now agitated in the Anglican Church. It is much more kind and charitable in its tone, where controversial topics are introduced, than purely controversial works generally are. On its practicable lessons, though of course adapted to the English establishment, and to English customs, it contains the true principles of conduct by which all christians, in all countries should be guarded. The author has endeavored to devote his lessons more to practice than to doctrinal points; and he has certainly produced a work which the churchman cannot read without both pleasure and profit, whether he agree with the author in all his opinions or not. It is printed uniform with the other volumes of "The Churchman's Library."

Ladies' Hand Books of Needle Work. *New York: J. S. Redfield. Philadelphia: Thomas Cowperthwaite & Co.*—These are six neatly printed and bound little manuals, containing instructions as follows: No. 1, Baby Linen; 2, Plain Needlework; 3, Fancy Needlework; 4, Knitting, Netting, and Crotchet; 5, Embroidery on Muslin, and Lace-work, and Tatting; 6, Millinery and Dress Making. If any lady does not wish for No. 1, she may buy all or either of the others separately; or if she wants the said number 1 alone, she is not compelled to purchase the remainder. The six embrace all the art and mystery of needlework; and each part being bound distinct from the rest, make the whole form quite a library. No lady who hears of the publication will rest easy, till she has compelled him whose duty it may be to furnish her, to provide a copy of the six—or of five only.

Burnett's History of the Reformation. *New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton.*—This is a new three volume edition of this standard work, printed on clear type, and got up in a substantial form. This edition is intended to meet the wishes of those who desire to possess Burnett, but do not feel able or willing to purchase the more expensive, but still cheap edition, published previously by the same house. Any notice of the character of Burnett's great work would now be supererogatory. Chargeable with some inaccuracies, and of course differing from the ideas of some theologians, it is a book which could not be spared from English theological literature.

Pictorial History of the United States. *By John Frost, L. L. D. Illustrations by Croome & Devereux. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler.*—No. VIII. of this work is out. It is rich in illustration, having some beautiful engravings, the best of which is a view of the ruins of Ticonderoga. The history approaches the time of the revolution; and increases in interest. When complete, this work must be one of the most popular American Histories ever published.

A Winter Gift for Ladies. *Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.; and 98 Chesnut street.*—Here is something which we suspect may sell, and that right rapidly. The sentence, "gift for ladies," usually implies high cost, and not unfrequently small value—but this neat little brochure reverses the common character. "Small in cost, it will, we fancy, be high in estimation, being a work with all the and so forths, containing "instructions in knitting, netting, and crotchet work;" with letter-press descriptions, stitches all counted, of "the newest and most fashionable patterns, for babies' socks, gentlemen's slippers, purses, table covers, collars, mittens, and all the rest." A strong police is engaged to defend from assault by storm of customers, all the premises where the book is on sale.

American Naval Biography. *By John Frost, L. L. D. Illustrated with engravings by Croome & Devereux. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler.*—This is part VII.—one part more than was promised at the commencement; but the author found his matter not compressible into so short a space as he had counted upon. Nobody will regret this part additional, as it much enhances the value of the work. This part has a title page and index, and the purchaser will be not a little suprised to find that the work contains seventy-five wood, and seven steel engravings. The sketch of Commodore Porter, contained in this number, is opportune—just as the city will witness a pageant in honor of his memory.

The Lowell Offering. *Lowell: Misses Curtis & Farley. Philadelphia: Colon.*—As in the last number of the last volume it was announced that this work was to be discontinued, we are exceedingly gratified to find that the conductors have been induced to withdraw from that determination. They have now assumed the whole responsibility—publishing as well as writing the work: and we hope that the readers of Magazines throughout the land will come forward to the support of this Magazine, written, edited, and published by Female operatives, employed in the Lowell Cotton Mills. It will be found in many respects, equal to any Magazine published in the United States.

It is unnecessary to go into a particular notice of the many pieces now in a pamphlet before us. They are generally familiar to the public; and it is their rare praise that like old and valued friends, the better they are known, the more will they be welcomed—the more distinctly they are remembered, the oftener will they be read. No one but likes to stray again and again in the same paths whose beauties have soothed him into pleasant melancholy, and whose air seems to have the virtue of awaking the better and purer trains of thought in which man's mind approaches nearest to its duty. The work is at Zieber's, and at Colon's.

English Annuals *for* 1844. Appletons offers quite an assortment of English Annuals for the coming year, among which we notice the Book of Beauty and the Keepsake, edited by the Countess of Blessington, with engravings from Ross, Chalon, Redgrave, Stephanoff, Cattermole and others. The "American in Paris, during the Summer," is also a splendid work, with eighteen elaborate engravings. Or if the purchaser of books for presents prefer books of another cast, there are splendid bibles, rubricated prayer books, and all the recent European novelties.

The Literary Souvenir, *for* 1844, is, to the full, as attractive as were any of the preceding volumes of the work, and reflects great credit on the publishers, Messrs. Carey & Hart. They have spared neither pains nor expense to make the Souvenir deserving of public favor, and, we trust, their efforts will be suitably rewarded. The *Souvenir*, though not equal in cost to the *Gift* is as beautiful a present for its price, as its more costly brother; and in some of the essentials of an annual is no whit behind it. It will not be forgotten in making up Christmas presents.

Julie Corbyere—*A Romance of the Alps. By T. C. Grattan, author of High Ways and By Ways, &c. &c. Philadelphia: A. J. Rockafellar, No. 98 Chesnut street.*—This is a most excellent story; one of Mr. Grattan's best. It has more incidents than is common to Mr. G.'s stories, and will keep the reader's attention continually on the stretch from the beginning to the end; for characters, scenery, incidents, all are of the most romantic and interesting character.

The Drawing Room Annual.—Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston, N. W. corner of Fourth and Chesnut streets, have published a new holyday Present for 1844, which is designated "The Drawing Room Annual." It contains fifteen beautiful illustrations, engraved on steel, and the letter press is worthy the design of the work, and the tasteful manner in which it has been executed. A more acceptable gift for the New Year could scarcely be imagined.

Campbell's Foreign Semi-Monthly.—This work for the middle of the current month contains its usual well selected variety of extracts from the latest English Magazines and reviews. In point of mechanical execution it is one of the most elegant periodicals in the United States; and as an embellishment it gives, in each number, a mezzotint by Sartain. The plate in this number is "The Artist's Studio," from a picture by Chalon.

Almanacs.—We have received from T. E. Chapman "The Friends' Pocket Almanac for 1844," compiled by Joe Foulke, with various matters interesting to the Society of Friends, and also "The Philadelphia Pocket Almanac" by the same author, with interest, and other tables, value of coins, &c. The same publisher has issued "Woolley's Carstairian System of Penmanship."

Ned Myers.—Lea & Blanchard have just published this sea story by Cooper; a chapter from which we published in advance a week or two ago. It is a description of Life Before the Mast. It may be found at 98 Chesnut street, where also all other current novelties are received as they are issued.

Monsieur Violet—*A Narrative of his Travels and Adventures in California, Sonora and Western Texas. Zieber & Co.*—As a romantic story this is worth reading; as a narrative we presume it may be entitled to rather more credit than the history of Sinbad the Sailor, but not much.

Notices of the Dead.

Remarkable Longevity in New Jersey.—Mrs. Zerviah Stewart, widow of David Stewart, of Kingwood, Hunterdon county, died on the 31st ult., at the advanced age of 103 years seven months and nineteen days. By her first husband George Opdyckn, she had eleven children—including them, her descendants are as follows: eighty-four grandchildren, one hundred and eighty great grandchildren, and thirty-nine great great grandchildren; making altogether three hundred and fourteen.

Death of Bishop Rosati.—A letter from Paris, in the Boston Atlas says—"The Catholic Bishop of St. Louis, Joseph Rosati, died at Rome on the 25th of September. He was the founder of the first brotherhood of Lazarists in the United States, and had been in the apostolic ministry 25 years, although he was but 53 years old when he died. The present Superior of the Lazarists in the United States, left here lately for the scene of his labors, taking with him nine missionaries."

Death of a Veteran.—The Elizabethtown (N. J.) Journal announces the death, in that town, on the 16th ult., of Elder James Wilcox, aged 80 years. When he was thirteen years and six months old, he enlisted in the time of the revolution for three years. After his term of service had expired, he served in the militia for two years, making five years service in the war. He was at the battle of Germantown, Pa., which took place October 4th, 1775.

Death of General Wingate.—The Portland papers announce the death of General Joshua Wingate, Jr., in the 71st year of his age. Gen. Wingate was for many years engaged in public life. He was several years Chief Clerk of the War Department, and subsequently Collector of Bath, and always sustained a high character for intelligence and integrity.

Death of Clevenger.—We are pained to hear of the death of the American Sculptor, Clevenger. He was on his passage from Leghorn to New York, when he died of consumption. As an artist he stood high; as a man he was most estimable.

Army & Navy.

U. S. Surveys.—The United States steamer Beaufort has been upon a surveying expedition since February last. Its officers, says the Savannah Sun of the 9th inst., have examined St. Mary's Bar, Cumberland Sound, and Amelia Bar, and these several bars are estimated to contain twelve feet at low water. The expedition included Captain Mackay, Lieut. Smith, Lieut. Pope, U. S. Army, and J. S. Williams, Esq.

The Independence.—We understand, says the Boston Mercantile Journal, that the Razee Independence has been ordered around from New York to this navy yard to be laid up. Her officers and crew will be transferred to the frigate Potomac, now ready for sea; and on board this ship Com. Stewart will hoist his broad pennant.

☞ On Board the U. S. frigate Cumberland, about to sail for the Mediterranean, intoxicating drinks are to be excluded from the ward-room and steerage during the cruise, and between 200 and 300 of the crew refuse their grog.

A Large Cargo.—The ship Monticello, recently cleared at Savannah for Havre, with a rich cargo consisting of one thousand four hundred and thirty bales Upland Cotton, weighing 540,216 lbs., and valued at $42,996.

ORIGINAL
Sketch from Abroad.

MORE ABOUT MILAN.

The vicinity of Milan is not very romantic, the city being situated in a plain. The beautiful public road—a model of construction—which leads from Milan to Bologna, Florence and Rome was constructed by Napoleon, whose hand is visible wherever his genius penetrated. The Corso of Milan is beautiful, and, in point of wealth and splendor there exhibited, not inferior to that of either Florence, Rome or Naples. The Milanese nobility is rich; but they are less sociable and hospitable to strangers than the nobles of the Southern provinces of Italy. Being all the time under a strict *surveillance* by the Austrian Government, they are naturally diffident and distrustful, so that the access to them is more difficult than that to the best society in any other part of Italy.

The town of Milan, though abounding in noble buildings, does not exhibit such a continuation of palaces, as for instance, "beautiful Florence," (*Firenze la bella*) "magnificent Venice," (*Venezia la magnifica*) "superb Genoa," (*Genoa la superba*) or "eternal Rome," (*Roma l'eterna.*) The style of the buildings resembles the French, as do the manners and the peculiar *patois* which is spoken by the people. The latter is so bad and nasal that a person, who may have learned Italian from a Florentine or a Roman master, would be at a loss how to make himself understood, or to comprehend the simplest conversation; and a Southern Italian, himself would, perhaps, be in a similar situation. To give but one instance. The word "*undici*" (eleven) is pronounced in Rome, as the English would pronounce "*oondeechee*," and this is the correct pronunciation. In Florence it is pronounced "*oondeshee*," in Venice "*oondese*," and in Milan "*onse*." The French word is "*onze*," with the nasal sound of the "*on*;" to which then the Milanese bears the closest resemblance.

The streets of Milan are wider than in most Italian towns, and the houses have a comparatively novel appearance. Trade and commerce are in a flourishing condition; and it is a singular phenomenon, that throughout all the Austrian provinces, the material condition of the people, and the physical well being, as *Madame de Stael* calls it, forms a singular contrast with their mental development.

The Dome of Milan is the most remarkable specimen of the mixed Gothic and Byzantinic architecture in Europe. It is not such a massive structure as the Munster in Strasbourg, Cologne or Westminster Abbey, or the Cathedral of Canterbury. It is built of beautiful white marble, and has the appearance of fine, clean white-washed Brabant lace. It is all filigree work, and when lit up by the sunbeams resembles a magnificent transparency. When the moon casts her light upon it, its appearance contrasted with the dark buildings which surrounds it, is very striking. What has that building not been a witness to—from the time of the Crusadors to the coronation of Napoleon as King of Italy? Here arts and sciences flourished when England was a wilderness. Here was the armory of the knights and nobles of Europe; and here trades and manufactures flourished long before they crossed the Alps or the channel.

The Lombards are to this day a sober, industrious, enterprising people. They are for the most part tall and well-proportioned, of highly expressive features, and less passionate and vindictive than the Italians of lower Italy. The Milanese beauties are as distinct from those of Florence, Rome, or Naples as English women are from French. They, in truth, resemble English women more than they do Italians. The Milanese beauty is a fine, tall, well made English-looking woman, of a little over the middle height, with moderately full proportions, dark blue eyes, light complexion, and flaxen or auburn hair. Her *taille* is the happiest medium between the Saxon Plethora and the severity of the Greek Lineaments, as remote from Byron's bread and butter miss, as from the sylph-like Venetian that glides on the waters of the Adriatic Queen. For a farther description of them, see Silvio Pelico's *I mei prigioni*.

The Academy of Milan is not recognised by the rest of the Italians, and its decisions have often been objected to, and made the subject of severe animadversion by that of Florence. The classical part of Italy is, after all, Ferrara, Tuscany and Rome: Manzoni, the author of "*i promessi sposi*," the greatest modern genius of Italy, has shut himself up in a convent at Milan. The poets and classic writers seldom outlive its political independence. Of all the arts that once flourished in Italy, music alone seems to thrive; and Milan is the great centre of it.

In front of *La Scala* is the great "Musical Exchange" of Italy. "Here," says a modern German tourist, "you may at all times of the day, see in the principal music stores and coffee rooms, men with whom music is either a passion or a—livelihood. Here the contracts for new operas are made; here you may hear the merits of poets and composers, and the value of new pieces discussed. Those embarrassed, excited looking creatures, whose *toilette* is more than fashionable, and who expose themselves purposely to the view of the Empressario, are singers, who are determined to demonstrate by their genteel appearance that they are not forced to accept an engagement which does not do justice to their merits. That proud gentleman with the great *embonpoint*, whose hands folded behind, support a massive cane, is an "*engagement broker*," proprietor of a "*theatrical business bureau*," who carries in one of his huge pockets, the names of the artists seeking employment, and in the other the places and situations which have just become vacant. This man receives letters from the Levant, from Spain, France, South America and Berlin, in short whatever the aping of the Italians, or the absence of a national taste have introduced the fashion of an Italian opera. There (on 'Change) you also meet the publishers of Journals and the Chiefs of the *Claque* (the men hired to applaud new pieces, and whose place is generally in the middle of the pit, and directly beneath the chandelier) who, with a sardonic smile, inquire of the leader of the orchestra, the success of the new opera. The ladies that bow to that thin gentleman, who pedantically sips his chocolate at the *Cafe de Dilettanti*, are the pupils of the old music master, who have come to Italy for the sole purpose of improving their talents, in order on their return home to improve the taste of their northern countrymen. They are future *prime donne* artiste in *Spe*, who pay their shining silver for learning how to silver their voices.

Those who are accustomed to the performance of English or American theatres can form no idea of the mode of performance in Italy. The Italians are not in a habit of varying their pieces, and one or two operas and the same number of ballets answer for a whole *carnival*, which is the season in Italy. The consequence is that none but the first performance of a piece is ever attentively listened to, and that the *recitatives* and minor songs are completely drowned in the conversation and laughter of the audience. The Italians go to the theatre not to see the piece; but to meet their friends, pay their respect to the ladies on whom they call in their different boxes, and to have an agreeable chit chat. The theatre like the Corso, is a place of universal *rendezvous*. It is there where new acquaintances are made, when courtships are commenced, and where intrigues of all sorts are carried on in a manner which is least offensive to public decorum. When an Englishman invites you to dinner or to breakfast, an Italian will send you the key of his box in the theatre. The opera, in short, is a place of general amusement, and the performances merely serves to fill up the tedious intervals. Only when an *aria di bravura* is sung, the audience deigns, for a few moments, to listen; but then it is generally so well known and so popular, that hundreds of the audience beat time, or half sing it with the performer on the stage. At last the fury of applause which is called *il fanatismo*, breaks forth in a storm which shakes the nerve like the roar of artillery and stuns them effectually for the remainder of the piece.

Miscellaneous News.

☞ We learn from the Trenton (N. J.) State Gazette, that the Millerites in that vicinity, think that Rome is already on fire, the great conflagration which precedes the consummation of all things having there commenced. The news was expected out by the last steamer, but as it did not arrive then, it is confidently looked for by the next.

Penitentiary Burnt.—The Georgia Penitentiary, situate at Milledgeville, was destroyed by fire on the 5th inst. The only portion of the building saved was that containing the cells, in which there were one hundred and forty-nine prisoners. The loss is estimated at from $20,000 to $50,000.

Matched.—A fellow who attempted to stop a farmer on his way from Boston to Needham got a blow over the head with a bludgeon, and one on the arm, which crippled it, and sent him flying. He was caught the next day in Boston, having been detected by his crippled arm.

☞ The celebrated "Copper Rock" taken from Lake Superior, was brought to Buffalo on Saturday last, on its way to Washington, where it is to be deposited in the Mineralogical Hall. The rock weighs several tons, and is said to contain 95 per cent. of pure copper.

☞ The weather was so cold in Canada previous to the 10th inst., that there was excellent skating upon the St. Charles, and the ice in the Lachine Canal had to be broken to enable the boats to pass. There was lots of sleighing also.

The Cotton Crop.—A correspondent of the New Orleans Bulletin estimates the cotton crop of the United States this year at 1,800,000 bales. Another correspondent of the same paper sets it down at from 2,000,000 to 2,120,000 bales.

Progress of Improvement.—Memphis, in West Tennessee, has had more than three hundred buildings added to its previous number during the present year. Among these new buildings are four churches and three extensive hotels.

☞ The St. Louis University has added to its professorship, a Law Department. Judge Buckner is the Professor, and the intention of the trustees is to make this division of the University a regular Law School.

☞ Francois Stein, a Charleston, S. C. clock maker, has invented a clock with five wheels, which is to run four years and a half, without winding.

Religious Intelligence.

The Roman Catholic Church.—We understand that letters have been received from Rome, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Kenrick, of Philadelphia, announcing the appointment of the nine new Bishops for the United States, who were elected at the last Council of Baltimore. They are as follows:—Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Connor, D. D., Bishop of Pittsburg; Rt. Rev. William Quarters, D. D., Bishop of Chicago; Rt. Rev. Andrew Byrnes, D. D., Bishop of Arkansas; Rt. Rev. John McCluskey, assistant Bishop of New York; Rt. Rev. Mr. Henrie, D. D., Bishop of Milwaukie; Rt. Rev. Mr. Blanchet, D. D., Bishop of Oregon; Rt. Rev. John Fitzpatrick, D. D., Assistant Bishop of Boston; Rt. Rev. Mr. Tyler, D. D., Bishop of Hartford, Ct.; Rt. Rev. Mr. Reynolds, D. D., Bishop of Charleston.

The Presbyterians of Canada.—Great dissatisfaction exists among a portion of the Presbyterians in Canada, in consequence of a bill recently introduced into the Provincial Parliament for the "*management* of the Presbyterian Church," in connection with the "Church of Scotland." It is well known that the "Church of Scotland" is divided into two parties,—one assuming the title of the "Free Church," and disconnected with the State, in consequence of its interference in ecclesiastical affairs, and the other retaining its ancient title. The effect of the bill would be to vest all the church property in the Church of Scotland, while a majority of the Presbyterians in Canada favor the "Free Church," and wish to remain entirely disconnected with the Government.

☞ We understand that the Rev. G. B. Cheever has declined the invitation to become the Pastor of a Church in Philadelphia, much to the pleasure of his congregation, his friends and acquaintances in New York.

☞ Messrs. Bushnell, Pogue and Campbell, were ordained at Cincinnati on the 5th inst., as Missionaries to the Sandwich Islands and some other points.

☞ Gov. Bouck has designated Thursday, the 14th of December, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer in the State of New York.

☞ The Governor of New Jersey appoints the 7th of December next as a day of thanksgiving.

REPORTED FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

PLACES OF PUBLIC WORSHIP OPEN ON SUNDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 19th.

Friends.—Mulberry Street Meeting House, below Fourth street.

Presbyterian—Old School.—Sixth Church, Spruce above Fifth street. Ninth Church, Schuylkill Seventh and George street. North Church sixth above Green street. Northwest Sabbath School Room, Schuylkill Eighth and Willow street.

Presbyterian—New School.—Eleventh Church, Vine above Twelfth street. First Church, Northern Liberties, Buttonwood street below Sixth. First Church, Southwark, German street below Third. First Church, Fairmount, Hamiltonville Church.

German Reformed.—First Church, Race street below Fourth.

Dutch Reformed.—First Church, Crown street near Race. Third Church, Tenth and Filbert street.

Lutheran.—Saint Matthew's Church, New street below Fourth.

Protestant Episcopal.—Saint Paul's Church, Third below Walnut street. Church of the Ascension, Lombard above Eleventh street. Bishop White Chapel, Ranstead Place. Church of the Evangelists, Fifth above Catharine street. Saint Matthew's Church, Francisville. Church of the Nativity, Spring Garden street below Ridge Road. Advent Church, (Temperance Hall) Third street below Green. Emanuel Church, Marlborough street near Prince, Kensington. Trinity Church, Catharine street above Second. Church of the Messiah, Fifth street below Carpenter. Saint Mary's Church, Hamiltonville.

Moravian.—Church of the United Brethren, Race and Bread streets.

Methodist Episcopal.—All open on Sunday Evening.

Methodist Protestant.—All open on Sunday Evening.

Baptist.—All open but the First Church.

Unitarian.—First Church, corner of Tenth and Locust streets.

Universalist.—All open on Sunday Evening.

Disciples of Christ.—Disciples' Meeting House, corner of Fifth and Gaskill streets. Congregation of Disciples, (Vigilant Hall) Race street below Second.

Roman Catholic.—Saint John's Church, Thirteenth street between Market and Chesnut street.

Christian.—Christian Chapel, Christian street below Sixth.

Swedenborgian.—New Jerusalem Chapel, Fourth street below German.

Mormon.—Hall at Third and Willow streets.

Mariners.—Mariner's Church, Water street below Walnut. Bethel, corner of Shippen and Swanson street.

African.—First Presbyterian Church, Seventh street below Fitzwater. Methodist Bethel, Sixth street above Lombard. Wesley Chapel, Lombard street below Sixth. Union Methodist Church, Coates street below Old York Road. Zoar Methodist Church, Brown street near Fourth. Union Baptist Church, Little Pine street near Seventh.

Here is Something worth attending to, coming as it does from a man so extensively known as is Mr. Graeff, both in the city and country.

"I hereby certify that from the effects of a severe cold last winter, I became partially deaf, attended with very disagreeable noises like ringing of bells, &c. which gradually increased until I completely lost the hearing of one ear—when I was induced to try Scarpa's Acoustic Oil, and am now happy to say, that with the use of one bottle of the above medicine I can hear as well as ever, and all disagreeable noises have entirely disappeared. Any further information respecting my case will be gladly given, by calling on me at No. 45½ north Fifth street near Race.
DANIEL GRAEFF.
Philadelphia, Nov. 11, 1843.

The above medicine is sold genuine, wholesale and retail, by B. B. Gumpert, Druggist, No. 120 north Second street, west side; also by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 south Third street.

Fair of the Franklin Institute.

Fourth day.—As we intimated Mr. Mahan yesterday placed the coat made by him for the Hon. Henry Clay in the upper saloon, and it was generally admired. The coat is padded and lined with silk throughout, and on the inside of the collar an eagle is tastefully done in needlework, flowers are traced in the same manner on other parts. Mr. Mahan has given in this garment an example of what he is able to do in the way of fitting up the outward man.—*U. S. Gazette, Oct. 21st, 1843.*

Franklin Institute Exhibition of Arts and Manufactures.

Seventh day.—A coat made for the Hon. Henry Clay by Mr. Mahan is really a splendid affair. In the facing, are representations of the Union and the Arms of the Union, etc., all worked in American silk. A most suitable present for the distinguished champion of Home Industry.—*Penna. Inquirer, Oct. 25th, 1843.*

The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

4304 shares	Gir. Bank,		6½a7
400	do.	Vicksburg Bank,	3⅛a3⅜
671	do.	Phil'a & Balt. R. R.	18a18⅜
210	do.	Read. Railroad,	19¾a20
90	do.	Pennsylvania Bank,	227a228
70	do.	Man. Mec. Bank,	23a23¼
40	do.	Kenty Bank,	69
60	do.	Mechanics Bank,	25a26
$78,175	Penna 5's,		68a72
$300	City 5's,		103¼
$44,500	Chesapeake and Del. Canal Loan,		39½a40
$1050	Reading RR. 6's,		67a70
$7904	State 6's,		72½a73¼

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Bark—Further sales at last week's quotations. Coffee—Very little doing—small sales of Rio at 7a7½c on time—we note a sale 2000 bags St. Domingo at 5½c, 90 days. Cotton—Holders are very firm—moderate sales are making at last quoted prices—we note sales of 50 bales inferior Louisiana at 8c cash, and several parcels of Uplands at 8⅛a8⅞c, the usual credit. Flour and Meal—The sales of flour for export during the last few days do not exceed 2000 bbls—about 500 was at $4,77½ for an extra brand, the balance brought $4,31¼, at which it is firmly held—150 bbls rye sold at $4,12½, we quote the retail price without change. Corn Meal—We note a sale of 400 bbls at $2,4, Pa is held at $2,50. Rye Flour—Small sales at [illegible]. Fruit—Bunch raisins have advanced, and from store at $1,80, halves and quarters are scarce, other descriptions without change. Fish—But little doing in mackerel at last week's prices. Grain—The supplies of wheat are fair—sales of good Pa reds at 92a95c, some red white at 95 cts, and a lot of very prime at 95½c, we quote southern at 85a92c. Rye—Very little coming in—we quote southern at 55a56c, Pa 58a60c. Corn dull—we quote southern yellow at 50c, which shows a decline—sales of [illegible] and new mixed 45c, Pa flat and round 51a54c. Oats come in fair demand at 25a26½c for southern, no change. Hemp—We note a sale of 50 bales Manilla for neighboring market at $150. Lead—Sales of 2100 pigs at $3,75, 3 per ct off, a lot just arrived is held higher. Molasses—We hear of no sales. Plaster—Sales at $2,25. Provisions—The market remains without animation. Rice is dull at 2½a3c. Salt—A cargo of Turks Island has been disposed of at a price supposed near 27c, on time. Seeds—Clover is in fair demand from $5a5½, flaxseed we note at $1,38 and 1,40, afloat and in store. Sugar continue firm in price, small sales of New Orleans at 6½a7c. Whiskey—We note a sale of 200 bbls at 24½c.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—Of Cattle—The offering comprised 1075 beeves, of which 230 were from Ohio, 30 from Va. and the balance from this State, 225 cows and calves, 410 swine, and 2100 sheep. Beef cattle were in fair request. Sales of 936 head, including 336 for New York at $3a4½ per 100 lbs, with see extra at $4½. Cows and calves sold at $5a11 for drovers, $9a18 for springers, and $18a28 for milch cows, with some extra at $30 each. Swine continues dull—300 sold at $3a4½, and some very fine at $4½ per 100 lbs. Sheep—The offering was mostly taken at $1½ cts at $2½ each according to quality.

New York, Nov.—At market 1050 beef cattle, 250 from the south, 25 cows and calves, and 2000 sheep and lambs. Prices, ordinary to prime retailing, $4a4,50 to $5a5,25. 200 unsold, and 40 taken for Bermuda. Cows and calves all taken at $a28. Sheep and Lambs—Sales of the former at $1,87a3,25 as in quality, and of lambs at $1a$2,12½, which is decline. 500 unsold.

Baltimore, Nov.—Beef Cattle—The number of beeves in the yards this week were over 1200, and over 1000 sold at prices ranging from $1½ to 2½ per 100 lbs on the hoof, equal to $3a4¼ per 100 lbs net. Hogs—The market is well supplied, and sales at from $4 to 4½ per 100 lbs—on Wednesday a drove of 1000 head sold at $4 per 100 lbs.

Richmond, Nov. 9.—For cattle on the hoof $3 to 4,00 are the general prices—sales $2 to 6, according to quality. Mutton $1,50 to 2,50. Lambs from $1 to 2, according to quality.

TRADE AND BUSINESS.

Charleston, Nov.—Cotton—The stock is 18,894 bales, of which 9058 bales have been received this week. The aggregate sales in the same time, foot up 8000 bales, at 6a8½ cts. The sales in Sea Island have been but 18 bales stained at prices ranging from 9 to 13 cts. Rice—The receipts, since our last, are 2105 tcs, and the sales in the same time are 1575 tcs at $2 7-16a2⅝ per 100. Flour—The flour market continues very quiet, the operations of the week having been confined to small lots for city consumption, and at the following prices:—Baltimore 4½, 5 and 5¼, Virginia extra and 5½ and 5½, common Virginia 5 and 5¼ per bbl.

Flaxseed.—The Louisville Journal says,—Flaxseed is coming in from the country in fair quantities. The heaviest dealers have gone out of the market in consequence of the high price it commands. It has sold, during the week, at from 80 to 85 and 87½ cts but a considerable decline most undoubtedly take place soon.

Augusta, Ga., Nov. 9.—Cotton—The quality of the crop so far ranks from middling fair to fair—we quote 6a7½ as extremes of the market—principal sales from 7a7½c. Business—Our wholesale dealers seem to be driving a heavy business, and our retailers have no cause to complain, an active business doing in all branches of trade, and our town now looks as in olden times.

Buffalo, Nov. 10.—The fleet from the Upper Lakes, which came in on Wednesday, has been followed by another from Cleveland to-day, with an unusually large aggregate of produce, principally flour—say 20,000 bbls and some invoices of grain, perhaps 15,000 bushels, including one cargo of corn, which was taken for the retail trade. Wheat is wanted by the Black Rock and other millers east, but in consequence of freights have advanced again, they refuse to purchase anything over 75 cts, a quotation flatly refused by all the holders—and so the market stands to-day. There is plenty of rolling freight offering for Albany, and hence the firmness on the part of the forwarders in regard to grain and other freights.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY E. W. CLARK & CO., BROKERS,
No. 25 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, November 18th, 1843.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks,	par
Man. and Mec. bank,	par
Moyamensing bank,	par
Penn Township bank,	par
U. S. Bank notes,	30 d
Girard do.	[illegible]
Pennsyl's do.	par
Germantown,	par
Del. Co. at Chester,	par
Chester Co., W. Chester,	par
Montgomery county,	par
Farmers' bk. Bucks co.	par
Farmers' bk. Reading,	½
Easton,	par
Northampton,	no sale
Lancaster bank,	½ d
Far. bk. Lancaster,	½ d
Lebanon,	½ d
Harrisburg,	2 d
Middleton,	2 d
Carlisle,	1½ d
Columbia Bridge,	par
Northumberland,	par
Miners' bk. Potts.	2 d
Wy'g bk. Wilkesb'e,	3 d
Pitts. demand notes,	1 d
" Certificates,	½ d
" Post notes,	½ d
Towanda,	85 d
York,	2 d
Gettysburg,	2 d
Chambersburg,	1½ d
Waynesb'g p. notes,	3 d
" Demand notes,	3 d
Brownsville p. notes,	1½ d
" Demand notes,	1½ d
Erie,	4 d
Berks county bank,	75 d
Honesdale,	1½ d
Bk. Susquehanna co.	45 d
Lewistown,	2 d
Lum. bk. Warren,	no sale
West Branch bank,	10 d
Dom. Cred. Script,	3a5 d
Lehigh Nav. Script,	30a35
NEW YORK.	
New York City,	½ dis
Tenth Ward bank,	—
Globe bank,	fraud
North River Bank'g Co.	do
City Trust & Bank'g Co.	—
Wool Growers' bank,	25 dis
Millers' bk of Clyde,	15 dis
Far. bk. Seneca co.	50 dis
Com. bk. New York,	2 dis
Lafayette bank,	2 dis
N. Y. Bkg. Co.	60 dis
Dry Dock bank,	1 dis
N. Am. Trust Co.	2 dis
Bank Buffalo,	— dis
Lewis Co.	1 dis
Com. bk. Buffalo,	55 dis
All solvent banks,	¾a1
Country banks,	¾ dis
Except bk of Columbia, Green Co. Hudson, Middleton Districts, Plattsburg, Niagara, Wash. and Warren, Wash. Man. Co.	Broken
Wayne county bank,	fraud
Mer. and Planters',	—
Del. county bank,	fraud
Ex. bk. Po'keepsie,	do
Potsdam Manf. Co.	do
Red Backs,	¾ dis
Post Notes on the various N. York banks *no value.*	
NEW JERSEY.	
Mechanics' and Manufacturers' bk. Trenton,	par
Princeton bank,	par
State bk at Camden,	par
Cumberland bank,	par
Mount Holly,	par
Salem Banking Co.	par
Monmouth bank,	no sale
N. Hope Del. Bridge,	1 dis
Tren. Banking Co. old,	par
All other banks,	par
Far. and Mec. bank of N. Brunswick,	no sale
Hob. Bkg. & G. Co.	broke
Washington Bkg. Co.	do
Franklin bank,	do
Jersey City bank,	do
Monmouth,	do
N. J. Manufac Co.	do
Protec. and Lobard,	do
State bank at Trenton,	do
Bank of N. Brunswick,	do
Mec. bk. Paterson,	do
Under $5s.	1 dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks,	1 dis
Exchange on New York,	½ dis a ½ prm
" Boston,	" "
" Baltimore	½ dis
Specie,	par
Country Relief Notes,	1½a2 dis
City Relief Notes,	1½a2 dis

MAINE.	
Calais bank,	10 a —
Agricultural bank,	do
City bk, Portland,	do
Damariscotta,	do
Mercantile bank,	do
Stillwater Canal bk,	do
Bangor Com. bank,	do
Westbrook bank,	do
Citizens' bank,	do
Globe bank,	do
Washington co.	do
Frankford bank,	do
All solvent banks,	1
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans,	1½
Bk of Bennington,	90 dis
All solvent banks,	1
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks,	1
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks,	1
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks,	par
Patapsco bank,	par
Mineral bank,	1½ dis
Frederickton,	½ dis
Hagerstown,	½ dis
Farmers' and Millers', Hagerstown,	no sale
Westminster,	½ dis
Williamsport,	½ dis
Cumberland,	1½ dis
Salisbury,	5 dis
Franklin bank,	5 dis
Susquehanna,	broke
Millington,	broke
Fred. County bank,	½ dis
Broken bks. various	prices
Baltimore and Ohio R. R. notes,	5 dis
DELAWARE.	
Bank of Delaware,	par
Wilmington and Bran.	par
Farmers' bk, Del.	par
Union bank,	par
Bank of Smyrna,	par
Under $5s,	1 dis
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.	
Washington City,	½ dis
Georgetown,	½ dis
Far. and Mechanics'	½ dis
Alexandria,	½ dis
Bank of Alexandria,	broke
Mechanics' bank,	broke
Franklin bank,	no sale
Merchants' bank,	do
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va. & branches,	1 dis
Farmers' bk & brch's,	1 dis
Valley bk and branch,	1 dis
Ex. bk. and branches,	1 dis
Wheeling,	1½ dis
Wheeling post notes,	1½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks,	1½
Small notes,	2
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks,	1½
Small notes,	2
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's,	5
Ocmulgee,	—
Monroe R. R.	—
Columbus,	—
Phoenix bank,	—
Exchange bank,	—
Chat. R. R. bank,	—
Central bk of Mill.	—
Georgia R. R. Co.	—
Rucker Bkg. Co.	—
All solvent banks,	2a3
ALABAMA.	
All solvent banks,	12 dis
Small notes,	15 dis
OHIO.	
Cincinnati,	2 dis
Solvent bank notes,	3 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois,	62 dis
State bank,	48 dis
KENTUCKY.	
Notes,	2 dis
Small notes,	3 dis
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks,	2 dis
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks,	2 dis
INDIANA.	
All solvent banks,	2 dis
FLORIDA.	
Southern Life and Transportation Co.	Trash
CANADA.	
Montreal,	

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, AND IRRITATION OF THE THROAT.—Dr. Rose's COUGH LOZENGES. Put up and sold at WM. BIDDLE'S Drug and Chemical store, N. W. corner of 11th and Arch streets, Philadelphia. These Lozenges are prepared from the recipe of Dr. Rose, who for a number of years past has paid particular attention to Diseases of the Chest. They are mild and innocent in their nature, and can be given to persons of all ages with perfect safety—will be found very serviceable in Irritation of the Throat, Tightness of the Breast, and Difficulty of Breathing. They are also very efficient as a remedy for Coughs, Colds, &c.

DOSE.—One Lozenge may be taken every hour or two through the day, when the cough is troublesome, *for adults—for children* one-fourth to one-half a Lozenge, in proportion to their age. nov 11

LEATHER STORE, NO. 87 CHESNUT ST. The subscribers have constantly on hand a general assortment of FINISHED LEATHER, suitable for Boot and Shoe Makers, Coach and Harness Makers, Saddlers, Book Binders, Hatters, &c.
ALSO—Sole Leather, red and oak tanned.
nov 13-1y CHAMBERS & HENDRY.

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INFORMATION WANTED of H. C. FRANCIS, late of Stafford, Genesee county, New York, he having gone to the west without paying up his subscription.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Subscribers will find all remittances credited below. Those living in the vicinity of a Post Master can call upon him and have their letters containing money *franked*, if the letter contains nothing but what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved to us if attention was generally paid to this matter. It would be as well in as many cases as possible for the subscriber to write his own letter, and subject it to the inspection of the Post Master before sealing, as a mere line approving of the letter, and a frank on the outside will be all that the law requires, and will relieve him from much trouble.

Receipts for the United States Saturday Post from the 1st to the 14th Nov.

November 1, received from			
J. A. Mautz	$5 00	J. Suplee	2 00
J. Kirk	2 00	R. Letts	5 00
W. Squire	2 00	H. Pierson	18 00
J. Nichols	2 00	E. Gladding	1 00
W. Ford	2 00	F. Mahon	1 00
J. Evans	2 00	E. Angus	2 00
A. Carter	2 00	R. Smithson	10 00
November 2.			
R. A. Oakford	2 00	S. E. Shults	5 00
J. Woods	2 00	W. A. Pierce agt.	40 00
A. D. Hale	2 00	H. Shellenberger	2 00
J. S. Clark	2 00	A. L. Williamson	2 00
R. S. Montague	2 00	J. Test	2 00
B. Diggs	2 00	G. Stratton	2 00
O. Clemons	2 00	L. Draves	3 00
N. H. Clark	2 00	H. V. Brown	15 00
H. Hurd	1 00		
November 3.			
S. Smith	1 50	W. R. Morey	1 00
W. Feath	2 00	H. B. Hall	4 00
S. T. Jenkins	2 00	W. A. Adams	10 00
P. Calihan	2 00	Rev. T. Hood	2 00
J. Bert Jr.	10 00	S. Shupe	2 00
D. Hoyt	2 00	J. Blount	5 00
S. T. Kennard	2 00	D. Duncan	2 00
B. W. Shirly	2 00	Miss H. Randall	2 00
Dr. L. N. Ligon	2 00	G. N. Tyrell	15 00
Rev. G. C. Bancroft	2 00		
November 4.			
W. Warrick	12 50	J. Pusey	1 00
Anna Lord	2 00	J. Gould	12 00
Mrs. E. Rawn	3 00	A. Kennedy	2 00
Robinson & Co.	1 25	C. S. Chittenden	5 00
S. H. Brown	2 00	Dr. E. B. Hibler	5 00
Mr. Thomas	2 00	O. H. Spencer	2 00
W. McNeir	2 00	J. T. Lathrop	2 00
J. M. Campbell	16 00	T. Sprague	3 00
S. Seed	2 00	N. Baker	2 00
D. P. Harrison	1 00	G. G. Sorter	12 50
P. W. Woolley	1 50	J. Stockton Jr.	2 00
L. Buffington	2 00	G. W. Little	2 00
B. B. Gray	2 00	O. M. Jenkins	5 00
J. D. Hart	5 00		
November 6.			
J. Edmondson	2 00	J. Hathaway	4 00
J. Brooks	2 00	S. Cameron	1 00
Miss E. Watson	2 00	Dr. Shultz	4 00
A. M. Ford	2 00	J. C. Jones	2 00
D. Bowen	5 00	J. Bell	1 00
J. Turner	2 00	E. Humbert	1 50
W. Schnee	2 00	J. Slonker	2 00
W. P. Skinner	2 00	C. Robbins	2 00
Mrs. A. Harris	2 00	J. Gallagher	2 00
B. Frost	5 00	P. Q. O'Brian	15 00
November 7.			
T. C. Worth	5 00	M. Starr	2 00
Mrs. E. L. St. Clair	2 00	J. Laughlin	2 75
S. Sherwin	2 00	G. G. Green	5 00
J. W. Scott	3 00	P. J. White	20 00
J. C. Snook	2 00	S. S. Jones	2 00
November 8.			
H. S. Ohl	4 00	O. C. Dickinson	10 00
Mrs. S. Whittier	2 00	W. D. Sutton	10 00
H. L. Trantham	2 00	S. Middleworth	2 00
J. Hartzell	2 00	Dr. A. Chapman	2 00
F. S. Hodge	2 00	Col. A. Morse	1 50
B. Davis	2 00	R. Johnson	2 00
Dr. W. Yates	2 00	Mrs. Susan Clarke	2 00
C. J. Ford	2 00	B. Wagner	6 00
R. King	4 00		
November 9.			
J. H. Stafford	2 00	S. D. Elwood	1 00
J. C. Hebard	2 00	H. Jones	5 00
J. B. Hoyt	2 00	Lt. L. Jenkins	2 00
M. Lehman	2 00	T. A. Haggerty	1 00
S. Watts	1 00	W. R. Derinzie	2 00
T. Duffy	2 00	S. Little	3 00
W. O. Butler	1 00	J. F. Heiler	2 00
H. Stowell	4 00	J. Darley	1 00
J. McCarthy	10 00		
November 10.			
W. Rex Jr.	5 00	R. Oakford	2 00
J. T. Rowe	5 00	J. Dehaven	5 00
S. Young	2 00	T. B. Patterson	4 00
S. A. Matthews	2 00	J. L. Green	1 00
Col. T. S. Williams	2 00	J. V. Hart	2 50
W. O. Austin	7 00	B. C. Altemus	2 00
H. P. Megrath	2 00	A. Price	2 00
D. Devine	2 00	D. Harper	2 00
Z. Washbon	1 00	Mrs. W. Corfield	2 00
November 11.			
J. Coggins	2 00	R. M. Jones	1 20
W. Irwin	5 00	T. Severn agt	37 10
A. S. Nelson	2 00	B. T. Seely	12 16
Dr. S. W. Williams	4 00	T. Brown	1 00
A. J. Van Tuyl	1 00	T. Sailes	1 00
November 13.			
A. Caldwell	2 00	J. McIntosh	2 00
J. F. Easton agt.	25 00	J. E. Roussin	1 50
J. S. McIntosh	6 00	C. C. Zeigler	2 00
A. Rudisell	1 00	Z. Williams	2 00
A. H. Gladden	10 00	O. Jackson	2 00
W. Labyear	2 00	C. A. Berard	10 37
W. R. Churchill	2 00	B. F. Moore	1 50
A. Dunn	11 25	Miss M. A. E. Ralston	1 00
A. J. Stafford	2 00	P. H. Yarnall	6 00
O. Poulding	2 00	W. Weightman	1 50
S. Clark Jr.	1 00	J. Weightman	1 50
November 14.			
L. Pennock	1 00	J. K. Bristow	2 00
W. S. Little	4 00	G. Cord	10 00
J. Evans	2 00	Miss C. Frank	1 00
J. S. Barie	4 00	Dr. W. Moseley	2 00
A. Seymour	4 00	K. Wharton	1 50
R. Clark	1 00	Dr. Birdsey	1 00
E. Pease	1 00	J. Pound	1 50
S. Jerome	3 00	R. Mixer	15 00
R. Kerr	2 00		

JAMES M. CAMPBELL & CO. No. 98 CHESNUT STREET, Philadelphia, have recently published a beautiful and cheap edition, complete in one large octavo volume—772 pages—Price $1, full cloth, 75 cts, boards, of D'AUBIGNE'S HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION in Germany and Switzerland.

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HEALTH OFFICE, NOVEMBER 11, 1843.

INTERMENTS

In the city of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and Kensington.
From the 4th to the 11th of November.

DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.	DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.
Cancer of Uterus,	1	0	Brought over,	23	31
Casualties,	2	0	——Typhoid,	2	1
Croup,	0	7	Inflammation of the Brain,	0	2
Congestion of Heart,	1	0	——Bronchi,	1	1
——Brain,	1	1	——Lungs,	4	1
Childbed,	1	0	——Stomach and Bowels,	3	1
Consumption of the Lungs,	13	1	——Bowels,	1	0
Convulsions,	0	6	——Larynx,	1	0
Diabetes,	1	0	——Liver,	1	1
Dropsy, Head,	0	2	——Peritoneum,	1	0
Disease of Heart,	1	1	Intemperance,	2	0
——Skin,	0	3	Old Age,	4	0
——Stomach,	0	1	Palsy,	2	0
Debility,	0	2	Pleurisy,	2	0
Enlargement of the Heart,	1	1	Still Born,	0	11
Fever, Scarlet,	0	5	Ulceration,	0	1
——Typhus,	1	0	——Bowels,	1	0
Carried over,	23	31	Total,	100—44	56

Of the above there were 4 from the almshouse, 1 from the country, and 7 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health.
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Nov. 5,	32	36	34
6,	32	38	41
7,	35	37	36
8,	39	43	43
9,	36	41	41
10,	45	48	51
11,	46	51	56

ALMANAC.

Nov. 1843.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
18 Saturday,	7 8	4 52	11 13	
19 Sunday,	7 9	4 51	12 9	D. H. M.
20 Monday,	7 10	4 50	1 1	
21 Tuesday,	7 11	4 49	1 53	
22 Wednesday,	7 12	4 48	2 46	Full 7 12 37
23 Thursday,	7 12	4 48	3 47	Last 14 2 47
24 Friday,	7 13	4 47	4 48	New 21 12 46
25 Saturday,	7 14	4 46	5 42	First 28 3 19

Married,

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Asher Moore, Mr. Aaron Shaw, to Miss Elizabeth Calley, eldest daughter of P. I. Decker, Esq. all of this city.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Carter, Alexander C. Gatemen, to Ellen, daughter of the late Jas. McGowen, of Southwark.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Tyng, Alex. Powell, Esq. of Boston, U. S. Consul to Altona, to Adelaide, only daughter of Col. Wm. P. Smith, of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Edmund Neville, Edward Gaskill, to Mary M. Bewater, all of this city.

On the 9th inst. by the same, Wm. Creeks, to Maria Antoinette, daughter of Henry Elias, all of this city.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. John Chambers, Edward H. Lynch, to Ann Eliza, daughter of the late Henry Hallman, of Montgomery county.

At Bridesburg, on the 9th inst. by E. Owen, Esq., Mr. John Fenton, to Miss Rachel Lovett, both of Newportville, Bucks county, Pa.

At Bridesburg, on the same day, by the same, Mr. J. Bayer, to Miss Catharine Barton, both of Newportville, Bucks county, Pa.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Wm. Bishop, Mr. Benj. Tyler, to Miss Sarah Booth, all of this city.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. J. G. Maxwell, Hanson L. Withers, to Matilda E. daughter of Jonathan Wainwright, Esq.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. A. Barnes, Saml. G. Bartle, Esq. of Mobile, Ala. to Miss Henrietta, daughter of R. Riggs, Esq. of this city.

In Wilmington, Del. by the Rev. Mr. Hogarth, M. K. Carnahan, to Sally Ann, daughter of Mrs. Mary Morrison.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. J. W. McLane, Wm. H. Webb, to Henrietta A. daughter of E. Hidden, all of this city.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. John Chambers, William Irvin, to Jane Lindsey.

On the same, by the same, John E. Smith, to Sarah Wilkinson, all of this city.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. John Coleman, D. D., Jno. P. Donaldson, to Eliza A. Clason.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Parker, Mr. Henry Wilkins, of Baltimore, to Miss Harriet Hepburn, daughter of Jas. Hepburn, Esq. of Phila.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Cook, Saml. A. Hibbs, to Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Adam Shettle.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Perry, Saml. Kerwson, to Miss Eliza Dults.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Mr. J. L. Janeway, Mr. William P. Smith, to Miss Caroline E. Duhamel, eldest daughter of John Duhamel, Esq. all of this city.

Died,

On the 12th inst. Emma Jane, infant daughter of Chas. N. and Ann Jane Hutchinson.

On the 12th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Jeffries, in the 54th year of her age.

On the 9th instant, after a lingering illness, Sidney A. Williams, aged 36 years.

On the 10th inst. Miss Margaret Bayly.

On the 9th inst. Joseph Morton, in the 25th year of his age.

On the 10th inst. Margaret McGovern.

On the 9th inst. of consumption, Mrs. Hannah Lakey, wife of Mr. D. Lakey, in the 40th year of her age.

Suddenly, on the 9th instant, Mr. Peter Hague, in the 21st year of his age.

On the 10th inst. Mr. Thos. Wright, in the 73d year of his age.

On the 12th inst. after a long and severe illness, James Finnigan, in the 75th year of his age.

On the 12th inst. Sarah, wife of Andrew Hanney, aged 44 years.

On the 9th inst. Thos. J. Layton, son of E. J. Layton, in the 14th year of his age.

On the 9th inst. Mrs. Ruth Parry, widow of the late E. Parry, in the 37th year of her age.

On the 9th inst. Emma Matilda, daughter of J. M. and Matilda M. Coleman, in the 3d year of her age.

On the 9th inst. after a lingering illness, Mr. Anthony W. Green.

On the 11th instant, after a severe illness, Mr. Wm. H. Fowler, in the 37th year of his age.

On the 11th instant, after a lingering illness, in the 46th year of her age, Mary Ann, wife of Francis Milligan.

On the 12th inst. James B. Smith, in the 47th year of his age.

On the 10th inst. John Everitt, aged 64 years.

On the 9th inst. Mrs. Eliza E. consort of John Duhamel.

On the 11th inst. of a short but severe illness, Jas. Connolly, in the 19th year of his age.

On the 10th inst. Patrick Kerr, late merchant of Tallahassee, Florida, in the 43d year of his age.

On the 10th inst. Clarinda, wife of Elias B. Meserve.

On the 10th inst. Mary Frances, youngest child of J. Moore, aged 1 year.

On the 13th inst. in the 37th year of his age, James N. Eaton, Esq.

On the 12th inst. John Smith, aged 57 years and 10 days.

On the 12th inst. after a lingering illness, Mrs. Sarah Sharpless.

On the 10th inst. of consumption, Lora, daughter of the late R. Stokes, in her 18th year.

On the 11th inst. Mr. Wm. Milnor, Jr. aged 37 years.

On the 10th inst. Joseph P. Wood, in the 37th year of his age.

On the 10th inst. Ann Maria, wife of S. H. Henderson, aged 53 years.

On the 10th inst. Mary A. Hess, aged 50 years.

On the 10th inst. Harriet Barbara, daughter of Benj. Parker, aged 27 years.

On the 12th inst. Alfred, youngest son of Penrose and Mary J. Fell.

On the 12th inst. of consumption, Thos. Mooney, aged about 30 years.

On the 13th inst. Mary Jane, daughter of George and Jane Elliott, in the 3d year of her age.

On the 14th inst. John Winn, in the 65th year of his age.

On the 14th inst. in the 58th year of his age, Eleazar H. Shinn.

On the 14th inst. Jas. C. Guthrie, eldest son of J. T. and Mary Guthrie, in the 15th year of his age.

On the 14th inst. of scarlet fever, Wm. Henry, son of Jas. Dalzell, aged 4 years and 17 days.

On the 13th inst. Albert James, infant son of the Rev. Wm. and A. M. Urie.

At New Orleans, on the 5th inst. Lambert Tree, late of this city, in the 33d year of his age.

INTERESTING TO THE WHOLE WORLD.
A VALUABLE NEW WORK—BY COUNT ALFRED D'ORSAY. JUST PUBLISHED. (price 25 cents) Complete in one number of the "Brother Jonathan Monthly Library."

ETIQUETTE; or, a TRUE GUIDE TO THE USAGES OF SOCIETY,
With a Glance at Bad Habits. "Manners make the man." To which is added the ONLY TRUE THEORY of the Rheinish or Spanish Waltz, and of the German Waltz a Deux Temps, now analized and explained FOR THE FIRST TIME. *Waltzing is the Art of a Gentleman, and never yet was taught or understood by a dancing-master.*

The fame of the author of this valuable work in the higher circles of English society, is proverbial; and the appearance of the work itself, it may be easily imagined, caused no little sensation in the British metropolis. Twenty-two thousand copies of the London edition, we are informed, were sold the first month of its publication at half a guinea each. Among the various subjects which this curious original treatise sets forth, are the following:

I. General Observations on Etiquette—ideas of unthinking persons on the usages of society, &c.

II. Introductions—how they should be effected, and when persons should or should not be introduced—meeting a friend with a lady when you are unacquainted with her—the science of cutting an acquaintance—slighting a friend.

III. Of Letters of Introduction—the manner they should be written, dispatched, presented, or received—how to treat a new acquaintance introduced by letter—promptness in answering letters.

IV. Of Marriage—the duties of those about to be married towards their friends—how Old Bachelors should behave under such circumstances—advice to newly married people.

V. Of Dinners—the Etiquette of a Dinner Party—directions for the Master or Mistress of the house—instructions for gentlemen guests—the arrangement of the party at table—advice relative to general deportment at table—taking wine with a lady—how to furnish and lay out the table—behavior towards servants at table—forms to be observed in waiting on a lady at table—advice to ladies—the science of eating and drinking.

VI. Of Smoking and Snuff-taking—restrictions to be observed—when, where and how to smoke or take snuff.

VII. Of Dress and Fashions—to what extent fashions should be adopted, addressed to both ladies and gentlemen—grand points to be observed in dress—when to wear gloves—when to wear jewellery—remarks on neatness in dress.

VIII. Of Music in General Society—highly gifted musicians in private society—when a lady should sing or play—the duties of listeners.

IX. Of Dancing—the Etiquette of the Ball-room—duty of the master of ceremonies—when and how to apply for a partner—presentation to a lady with whom you are not acquainted—the lady's part—color of gloves to be worn at a ball—how to lead a lady through the quadrille—behavior to be observed in the quadrille and waltz—of the steps—the treatment of a slight from an acquaintance in the ball-room, &c.

X. Of Conversation—picture of an egotist—when to avoid an argument—fidelity to truth—getting in a passion—defence of your friends—talking to and at people—lessons in talking—tone of voice—talking too largely—vulgar terms to be avoided—caution to parents—directions to a gentleman in addressing a lady—advice to tradespeople.

XI. Of Visiting—the time to visit a lady—when to leave your card—duration of a call—when to place your hat in the hall—strict rules to be observed.

XII. Of Visiting Cards—how they should be worded, and when they should be left, and when sent—instructions for married ladies—general instructions relative to wedding cards—invitations to dinners, balls, or parties—invitations to christenings or funerals.

XIII. Of Card-playing—how card-tables should be set out—general directions to the master or mistress of the house—the art of playing whist—hints to ladies who play for money.

XIV. Of Tattling—usages of good society—caution to those who repeat the conversations of others—some advice to young ladies—danger of badinage towards young people.

XV. Of General Society—deportment towards a lady of your acquaintance in the street—handing a lady to a carriage—shaking hands with a lady—behavior in the box of a theatre—visiting a coffee-house—saluting a friend publicly—respect to be shown great people—treatment of guests—vulgarity defined—how to offer a favor—rule to be observed when inviting a friend to ride—manner of saluting a lady in company—general directions in addressing letters—rules to be always observed when visiting—the index of a vacant mind—queer notions of ill-bred people—postage on letters—ceremony—when it may be dispensed with—the true test of a gentleman.

XVI. The True Theory of Waltzing—gentleman's step in the figure of eight, in the Rhenish Waltz—lady's step in the same—serpentine waltzing—gentleman's step in the figure of eight a deux temps—lady's step, do—gentleman's step in the figure of eight, a deux pas, but not a deux temps—lady's step in the same—how to learn the Rhenish and German Waltzes—theory of Spanish Waltz—the true grace of the waltz—general remarks on waltzing.

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THE CHEAPEST AND BEST LADY'S MAGAZINE.

THE LADIES'
NATIONAL MAGAZINE.
BEING THE ARTIST AND WORLD OF FASHION COMBINED
EDITED BY
MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS
AND
CHARLES J. PETERSON.

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This elegant and popular monthly periodical was established in July, 1843, by the union of the "World of Fashion" and F. Quarre's "Artist," and has already attained the reputation to our great rites of the Text Book of Fashion and Literature. In the correctness and beauty of its fashion plates; in the novelty, splendor and costliness of its other embellishments, and in the chastened tone and peculiarly refined feminine character of its literary department, it is conceded that this magazine has no superior. Fully equal to the best three dollar magazines in these respects, it is yet but little more than half their price. The astonishing success has induced the publisher to begin the new year with

GREAT AND COSTLY IMPROVEMENTS.
Accordingly he has determined to employ a corps of female contributors whose united talents are such as have *never before been employed* on any magazine for the sex. The work will not be the *reflex* of any one mind. The names of our permanent contributors are a guarantee for the variety, talent and worth of our pages for 1844. Ours will be the only Magazine

SUSTAINED BY THE SEX.
The editorial department will still remain with Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, author of the celebrated $400 prize story, "Mary Derwent," and acknowledged to be the most *powerful* writer of her sex in America. Her story of "Anna Taylor," in our volume for 1843, has had an astonishing run, and will be followed by others more thrilling. Assisted by her sister authors, she will be enabled to make this book surpass all others intended for the ladies. *Everything of interest to the sex* will find an early insertion in our pages. Among other distinguishing characteristics of this book will be a series of critical reviews, or

PORTRAITS OF OUR FEMALE POETS,
accompanied by autographs of each individual. These will be of great value, as presenting facts all would wish to know.

THE HOME DEPARTMENT.
To render this magazine as useful on the work-table as in the parlor, the publisher has secured the services of an eminent author to furnish monthly—beginning with the January number—a Home Department in which directions for knitting the newest styles of lace, working Berlin and Persian work and needle work, and embroidery of all kinds will be given, together with recipes for compounding cakes and sweetmeats of every variety, and, in general, whatever may be useful to the housekeeper, whether daughter, wife or mother, to know. This department will form, at the end of the year, a volume in itself, worth twice the subscription price.

OUR COLORED FASHIONS.
As this work is intended for the boudoir as well as the domestic hearth, great pains have been taken to secure the earliest reports of the London and Paris Fashions. Accordingly this department has been entrusted to MADAME QUARRE, who receives from her Parisian correspondents designs in advance, enabling us to

ANTICIPATE EVERY RIVAL,
as has been done constantly during the past volume. But while the correct Parisian fashions are given, care is taken, in the letter-press description, to point out how far these costumes are suited to our climate, a necessary caution observed by no other cotemporary. In a word, this department is managed *thoroughly*, and not used as a mere catch-penny. Nor are the plates ever omitted in this magazine, which has been the only one to publish, in 1843, an

UNBROKEN SERIES OF FASHIONS.
These plates are always originally engraved for us, and not transferred, as in other cheap magazines, from any cotemporary.

In the costliness, brilliancy and number of its other embellishments, this magazine shall continue to equal the best three dollar monthlies. The past is the best guarantee for the future; and it is conceded by the press that, in 1843, we have surpassed all others in the

NOVELTY OF OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.
The magnificent colored engraving of French lilac published in October—the mezzotint given in July—and the embossed view of West Point in the November number, are specimens of our enterprise on this point; for the publisher is resolved that all which capital, taste, and the skill of our artists can do to embellish his work shall be done, to render it universally, in country as well as city, a

THE LADIES' FAVORITE.
The novelty and brilliancy of our illustrations form a striking contrast to the dull monotony of the embellishments in other magazines. While we give, in each number, either a line or stipple engraving, or one of Sartain's mezzotints, we publish invariably a third plate, which is either *a colored flower; an arabesque pattern; a new style for lace-work or embroidery; colored birds; colored landscapes or bouquet colored and uncolored; portraits printed in color;* or others of the varied, novel and beautiful illustrations, designed especially for us by the eminent

FRENCH ARTIST, F. QUARRE.
The line and stipple engravings are from the burins of our most eminent engravers, and done originally for this work, often from Original American Pictures. There will be no coarse lithographs in this work, nor worn out plates; but our engravings shall continue to rival those of the best annuals. Among them

SARTAIN'S GLORIOUS MEZZOTINTS,
which have never been equalled in this country, and are unattainable by every other *lady's* magazine, shall fill a prominent place. The embossed work of Mr Leonard, the celebrated die-sinker, solely engaged for this book, will also appear at intervals.

The volume, beginning in January 1844, besides these great improvements, will appear in a

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL TYPE,
cast expressly for the work. Everything will be done, in short, to make the "Ladies' National" an ornament to the centre table, the chosen companion of the boudoir, and the home book and instructor of the fire-side.

TIME OF PUBLICATION.
This magazine is issued from the office between the 15th and 20th of the month preceding the one for which it is dated, or immediately on the arrival of the steam-ships bringing the reports of fashions.

THE TERMS.
The Cash system, adopted and maintained by the publisher, enables him to afford a magazine, in every respect equal to the old three dollar magazines, at one-third less cost. The price of "The Ladies' National," is, therefore, only TWO DOLLARS per annum, cash, in advance. Each subscriber, at the end of the year, is notified of the expiration of his term, when, if the subscription is not renewed, he is no longer served. This is far better than the old plan of *forcing the book on a subscriber, if he neglects to notify the publisher at the end of the year.* Let it be remembered that this is the *only magazine*, similar in embellishments and literary character to the three dollar monthlies, which is afforded under their price. It is the intention of the publisher to give, THROUGHOUT THE YEAR, *and not for January and February only*, a meritorious work.

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A PICTORIAL ANNUAL, will be published by the subscriber, on the 1st of December. This elegant work will be sent to any Postmaster or other person who will procure us TWO new subscribers, at the full price, or who will obtain either of the above clubs.

All letters must be frank'd or post-paid.

As the January number will be ready for mailing very early in December, friends and neighbors cannot be too prompt in getting up clubs.

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From the Magazines.

THE DAYS OF OUR MOURNING ARE ENDED.

A SONG OF HEAVEN.

BY CHARLES W. DENISON

The days of our mourning were many below,
For sin on our footsteps attended;
In the valley of Time there were shadows of wo
That the plains of Eternity never can know
The days of our mourning are ended.

Swift, swift from the billows of death we were borne
On wings that glad angels extended!
The set of life's sun was of life the full dawn,
And lo! in its light every sorrow is gone
The days of our mourning are ended.

Up! up! for the tide of our glory shall roll
For ever, where seraphs have bended!
On! on! to the throne! to Eternity's goal,
Where the smile of the Lamb is the song of the soul!
The days of our mourning are ended.

A DASH AT A CONVOY.

From Harry Danforth's Yarns.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

One day, when I had the morning watch, the lookout hailed from the cross-trees, that a sail was down to leeward. Chase was instantly given. The breeze was fresh, and in consequence we were soon close enough to discern the character of our neighbor. No sooner did we show our colors, than she ran up the ensign of France. We were going on different tacks, and, as we approached, both ships lay-to for a moment's conversation. The French merchantman was a noble ship, and as she came up gallantly towards us, her long bowsprit sunk far down into the trough of the wave, and then, with a slow swan-like motion she rose on the ensuing swell until her bows were elevated almost clear of the water, while the bright copper dripping with brine glistened gloriously in the sunbeams.

The Frenchman backed his topsails as he drew near, and the two vessels stood head on, while we sent a boat on board. The merchantman proved to be upon her homeward passage, and had consequently no intelligence from Europe to furnish. But the French skipper told us what was far more interesting to us. He mentioned that he had, but the day before, fallen in with the homeward bound English fleet, from the West Indies, amounting to some sixty sail. The fleet was convoyed by four men-of-war. Our captain, however, resolved to have a dash at the convoy. He conceived the daring project of cutting off a portion of the fleet, under the very batteries of the men-of-war. The French skipper wished us a "bon voyage," and the two vessels parted company.

We cracked on all sail, during the whole of the day and night. The next morning, at the dawn of day, our lookout descried the English fleet, on our larboard side. Luckily, we had the weather-gauge. We kept crowding on our canvass, however, during the whole forenoon, and as we gained on the convoy, we saw sail after sail rising in the seaboard, until the whole horizon was dotted with them, and the lookout reported more than fifty, in sight. By this time the men-of-war had caught the alarm, and were firing guns to keep their flock around them. The dull sailers, however, fell rapidly behind. This forced one of the English frigates to leave the advance, and run astern of the fleet. During the whole day we kept coquetting to windward of the fleet, but no demonstrations against us were made on the part of the men-of-war.

"A cowardly set, by the Lord Harry," said our old boatswain, who often beguiled a dull hour with a yarn, "here are we giving them a chance for a fair stand-up fight, and the cowardly lubbers haven't the pluck to come up and take or give a thrashing. I can't stand such sneaking scoundrels," and the old fellow energetically squirted a stream of tobacco-juice from his mouth, as if from a force-pump.

"We'll have a brush with them, nevertheless, Hinton," said I, "or I know nothing of the captain. He has got his eye on more than one rich prize in that fleet, and depend upon it, he'll make a dash for it before long."

"Ay! ay! you're right," answered the boatswain, "and he'll do it, too, before two bells have struck in the morning watch."

The night shut in squally and dark. The fleet was some three miles to leeward, for during the whole day we had carefully maintained the weather-gauge. As the darkness increased we lost sight of the enemy's ships, but their numerous lights glistening along the sea-board, pointed out to us their position. The wind was uncertain, now coming in fitful puffs, and then blowing steadily for a quarter of an hour, when it would again die away, or sweep in squalls across the waste of waters. Scud clouds began to fly over the face of the heavens, obscuring the few stars, and giving a wild and ominous appearance to the firmament. Down to the west the seaboard was covered by a dense bank of clouds, out of which occasionally a flash of lightning would zig-zag, followed by a low hoarse growl of distant thunder. It was evident that a tempest was raging, far down in that direction. On the opposite horizon, however, the sky was nearly free from clouds, only a few fleecy vapors being discernible in that quarter, through which the bright stars twinkled clear and lustrous. The English fleet lay between these two opposite sides of the horizon—the right wing of the convoy stretching down almost into the utter darkness in that direction, and the left wing skirting the horizon to the eastward. Along the whole expanse of seaboard, more than fifty lights were now glittering, like so many fire-flies winging through the gloom along the edge of a forest, on a summer eve. Now and then the vapors in the east would clear entirely away, leaving the firmament in that quarter, sparkling with thousands of stars: and then again the murky shroud would close them in nearly total darkness. Occasionally, as if in contrast to this, a brighter flash of lightning would gleam, or a louder burst of thunder roll up from the dark bank of clouds enclosing the tempest to the westward.

The night had scarcely settled down before the ship's course was altered and we bore down upon the fleet—taking the precaution, however, to put out all the lights on board except the one at the binnacle. Meantime the men were called to quarters, the tompions of the guns removed, the ammunition served out, pikes, cutlasses and fire arms distributed among the crew, and every preparation made for action. As we drew nearer to the convoy the darkness of the night increased, until, at length, we could see but a few fathoms ahead into the gloom. The eastern firmament now became wholly obscured. Not a star shone on high. Had it not been for the long line of lights sparkling along the seaboard, betraying the positions occupied by the various vessels in the convoy, we should have possessed no guide to our prey. But never dreamed of the bold swoop which we projected, into the very midst of his flock. He would as soon have thought of our blockading the Thames, or burning the English fleet at Portsmouth.

The plan of Captain Smythe was indeed a bold one. Bearing right onwards into the very centre of the fleet, he intended to cut off one of the wings from the main body, and then board and take possession of as many of the merchantmen as he could carry in the obscurity. We judged that the men-of-war were in the van, with the exception of a frigate which we had seen before nightfall hovering in the rear of the fleet to cover the lagging merchantmen. This frigate, however, we supposed to be on the extreme right of the enemy. We therefore bore down for the opposite extremity of the fleet.

For more than an hour, while with every rag of canvass abroad we were hastening to overtake the enemy, scarcely a word was spoken by the crew,—but each man remained at his station eagerly watching the gradual diminution of the distance betwixt us and the convoy. Indeed silence was, in some measure, necessary to the success of our plot. Even the orders of the officers therefore were given and executed with as little bustle as possible. As the darkness increased we noticed that the lights ahead began to diminish in number, and it was not long before we became satisfied that the foe had at length awoke to the probability of our being in the vicinity. At length scarcely more than half a dozen lights could be seen. These we judged to belong to the men-of-war, being kept aloft for the convoy to steer by.

The difficulty of our enterprise was now redoubled, for, if the darkness should increase, there would be great danger of a collision with one or another of the fleet. This peril, however, we shared in common with the merchantmen composing the convoy. Our only precaution consisted in doubling our lookouts.

Another hour passed, during which we steered by the lights of the men-of-war. By the end of that period we had run, according to our calculation, into the very heart of the fleet, leaving a man-of-war broad on our larboard beam, a mile or two distant. This latter vessel we fancied to be the frigate which had been hovering towards nightfall in the rear of the fleet. Our anxiety now increased. We were surrounded, on every side, by the vessels of the convoy, and the obscurity was so profound that we could not see a pistol shot on any hand. Our progress, meantime, was continued in utter silence. The only sound we heard was the singing of the wind through the rigging, the occasional cheeping of a block, or the rushing of the water along our sides. Suddenly, however, I thought I heard a sound as of the bracing of a yard right over our starboard bow.

"Hist!" I said to the boatswain, who happened at that moment to be passing, "hist! do you hear that?"

The old fellow stopped, listened a moment, and then shaking his head, said,

"I hear nothing. What did you hear?"

"Hark! there it goes again," I said, as the sound of a sail flapping against a mast came distinctly out of the gloom.

"By St. George, you are right," exclaimed the old water-rat, "ay! ay! young ears are arter-all the sharpest!"

He had scarcely spoken before the tall masts of a ship, like a spectre rising through the night, lifted themselves up out of the obscurity in the direction whence the sound had proceeded, and instantaneously we heard the tramping of many feet on the decks of the stranger, the rapid orders of the officers, the running of ropes, the creaking of yards, and the dull flapping of sails in the wind. At the same time a voice hailed,

"Luff up or you'll be into us," and then the same voice spoke as if addressing the helmsman on board the stranger, "up with your helm—around, around with her—my God! we'll be afoul."

The consternation of the British skipper was not without cause. No sooner had Capt. Smythe discovered our proximity to the stranger, than he formed the determination of running her aboard, taking her by a sally of our brave fellows, and then, after throwing into her a party sufficiently strong to maintain possession of her, keeping on his way. During the minute therefore that elapsed betwixt the discovery of the merchantman, and the hail of her affrighted skipper, the boarders had been called away and the quartermaster ordered to run us bows on to the quarter of the stranger. Instead of luffing, therefore, we kept straight on in our course, and as a score of lanterns were instantly shown on board both ships, sufficient light was thrown over the scene to guide us on our manœuvre. As the English ship wore, bringing the wind on her starboard quarter, our helm was jammed to port, and swinging around almost on our heel, we shot upon the foe, striking her in the stern galley, which we crushed as we would have crushed an egg-shell. The English ship was heavily loaded, and in consequence our bowsprit ran high above the decks, affording a bridge on which our brave tars might easily pass on board. At the moment we struck, the captain dashed forward, and summoning the boarders to follow him, leaped, sword in hand, into the centre of the enemy's crew, before her skipper had ceased giving orders to the perplexed seamen, who were running to and fro on her decks, in the vain hope of preventing any damage resulting to them from this collision, with, as they thought, a sister vessel. The consternation of the master may well be conceived when he found his ship in possession of an enemy. For some minutes he imagined it to be a jest, for he could not conceive how any foe would have the audacity to cut him out from the very heart of the fleet. His rueful countenance when he discovered his error, I shall never forget, nor the bad grace with which he consented to be transferred with a portion of his men to our decks. In less than five minutes, however, this necessary precaution had been carried into effect, and a prize crew left in possession of the merchantman. The officer in command was ordered to haul out of the fleet, and gain a position as speedily as possible to windward. Then the two ships were parted, and we stood away as before on the larboard tack, while the prize braced sharp up, hauled her bowlines, and went off close into the wind's eye.

"By Jove," said a reefer, elated with the part he had acted among the boarders, for he had been one of the first to step on the decks of the merchantman, "by Jupiter, but that was neatly done—eh? don't you think so, Hinton, my old boy?"

"Shut your dead-lights, you young jackanapes," growled the old boatswain, by no means pleased with such a salutation, "and keep your tongue for cheering against the enemy; you'll have enough of it to do yet before you turn in. Avast! I say," he continued, perceiving that the youngster was about to interrupt him, "go to your post, or I'll report you, you young whelp. None of your blarney, as your thick-tongued Irish messmate would say—away with you."

When Hinton's ire was up the safest plan was to retreat, for he would brook no retort unless from the captain or lieutenant. Over the young reefers, especially those who were in disfavor with him, he domineered with a rod of iron. The youngster who had forgotten for a moment, in the elation of his first victory, the awe in which he held the boatswain, was recalled by these words to a sense of the authority of the old tar, and he shrunk accordingly away, disdaining to reply.

"Ay! go, you varmint," chuckled Hinton, as the reefer walked to his post, "and give none of your long shore palaver to a man who had learned before you were born to hold his tongue before an enemy as his first duty. Isn't it so, Mr. Danforth?"

I was a great favorite with the old fellow, and always made a point of humoring him, so I nodded an assent to his remark, although I was tempted to ask him how long since he had forgotten this important duty of silence. I restrained, however, my question, and the smile which would fain have preceded it: and listened for several minutes in return for this complaisance to a long philippic on the part of the old fellow, against what he chose to call the almost universal presumption of midshipmen. From this tirade, however, the boatswain condescended to exempt me. How long he would have dilated upon this favorite subject, I know not; but, at this moment, a hail came out of the gloom ahead, and every eye was instantly turned in the direction from which the voice proceeded.

"Ship ahoy!" shouted a herculean voice, "what craft is that?"

The tone of the speaker betrayed a latent suspicion that all was not right with us. Indeed he must have been so close to us in our late encounter with the merchantman, that he necessarily heard many things to awaken his doubts. As he spoke, too, the tall figure of a heavy craft loomed out from the obscurity, and while we were yet speculating as to the answer the captain would make, a dozen lanterns flashing through as many open port-holes, revealed that our neighbor was a man-of-war.

"What ship is that?" thundered the voice again, "answer, or I'll fire into you!"

Our dauntless captain waved his hand for the batteries to be unmasked, and springing into the mizzen rigging, while a neighboring battle lantern now disclosed to the night flung its light full upon his form, he shouted in an equally stentorian voice—

"This is THE [illegible]—commissioned by the good commonwealth of—"

"Give it to the canting rebel," roared the British officer, breaking in on this reply, "fire—for God and St. George—FIRE!"

"Ay! fire my brave boys," thundered our leader, "one and all, for the old thirteen—FIRE!"

From the moment when the enemy had disclosed his lighted ports, our gallant tars had been waiting, like hounds in the leash, for the signal which was to let them loose upon the foe. The silent gesture of the captain, when he sprung into the mizzen rigging, had been intuitively understood by the crew, and the orders of the proper officers were scarcely waited for, before the ports were opened, the battle lanterns unmasked, and the guns run out. Nor were the men less ready to discover the moment when to open their fire. The first word of the British officer's haughty interruption had scarcely been spoken, when the gunners began to pat their pieces and squint knowingly along them, so that, when the command was given, our whole broadside went off at once, like a volcano, and with deadly effect. Every gun had been accurately aimed, every shot was sent crashing into the foe. Not so the enemy. Although the British captain had certainly viewed us with suspicion, his crew apparently thought us deserving of little caution; and the reply of our leader, and the order of their own to fire, took them, after all, with surprise. Nearly a minute accordingly elapsed before they delivered their broadside, and then it was done hurriedly and with little certainty of aim. The first fire is always more effective than the ensuing six; and the advantage of the surprise was decided; for while we could hear the crashing of timbers, and the shrieks of the wounded, following our discharge, the shot of the enemy passed mostly over our heads, and, in my vicinity, not a man of our crew was killed. One poor fellow, however, fell wounded at the gun next to mine.

"Huzza!" roared Hinton, leaping like a lion to fill the place of the injured man, "they've got their grog already. Have at 'em, my brave fellows again, and revenge your messmate. Never mind, Jack," he said, turning to the bleeding man, "every one must have a kick sometime in his life, and the sooner its over my hearty, the better. Bouse her out, shipmates! Huzza for old Nantucket—the varmints have it again on full allowance!"

For ten minutes the fight was maintained on our side without cessation. The enemy, at first, rallied and attempted to return our broadsides promptly, but the injuries she had suffered from our first discharge had disheartened her men, and, when they found the spirit with which we maintained our fire, they soon gave up the contest and deserted their arms. Still, however, the enemy did not strike. One or two of her forward guns were occasionally and sullenly discharged at us, but all systematic resistance had ceased in less than five minutes.

By this time, however, the whole fleet was in an uproar. Lights were flashing in every quarter of the horizon, and, as the darkness had been clearing away since our brush with the merchantman, our lookout aloft could see through the faint, misty distance, more than one vessel bearing down toward us. The majority, however, of the fleet, seemed to be struck with panic, and, like a flock of startled partridges, were hurrying from us in every direction. It soon became apparent that the ships, bearing down upon us, were armed; and before we had been engaged ten minutes with our antagonist, no less than three men-of-war, from as many quarters of the horizon, had opened a concentric fire on us, regardless of the damage they would do their consort. Still, however, unwilling to leave his antagonist without compelling her to strike, our leader maintained his position and poured in a series of rapid broadsides which cut the foe up fearfully. Yet she would not strike; for, reanimated by the approach of her consorts, her men rallied to her guns and began again to reply to our broadsides. Meanwhile the hostile frigates were coming up to us, hand over hand, increasing the rapidity of their cannonade as the distance betwixt us lessened. Our situation was becoming momently more critical. Yet even amid our peril my eye was attracted by the sublimity of the scene.

The night, I have said, had partially cleared away, but the darkness was still sufficiently intense to render the approaching frigates but dimly visible, except when a gush of fire would stream from their ports, lighting up, for the moment, with a ghastly glare, the smoke-encircled hull, the tall masts, and the thousand mazes of the hamper. Often the whole three vessels would discharge their broadsides at once, when it would seem for an instant as if we were girdled by fire. Then, as the smoke settled on their decks, they would disappear wholly from our sight, and only become again distinguishable, when they belched forth their sulphureous flame once more. In the west, the scene was even more magnificent, for in that quarter, unexpectedly was the nearest of the three men-of-war, and as she came up to us close-hauled, she yawed whenever she fired, and then steadily discharged her pieces, doing more damage than all her other consorts. The gallant manner in which she delivered her fire—the measured, distinct booming of her long twenty-fours—and, added to this, the inky hue of the sky in the background, brought out into the boldest relief by the light of her guns, made up a picture of gloomy grandeur, which the imagination can compare to nothing, except the fitful, ghastly gleams of light shooting across the darkness of that infernal realm, which Dante has painted with his pen of horror. While, however, I was gazing awe-struck, on this scene, I noticed that the dark bank of clouds behind the frigate, was visibly in motion, rolling up towards us. Our superior officer had, perhaps, seen the same phenomenon, and knowing what it portended, had remained by his antagonist, when otherwise, our only chance of escape would have been in an early flight. Some of the older tars now perceived the approaching tempest, and paused instantaneously from the combat. Indeed, not a moment was to be lost. I had scarcely time to look once more in the direction of the other frigates, and then turn again to the westward, before our antagonist in that quarter was completely shut in by the squall. The wind had, meantime, died away, leaving us rocking unquietly in the swell. A pause of a minute ensued—a pause of the most breathless suspense. The men had instinctively left their guns, and stood awaiting the directions of their leaders, to whom they looked in this emergency. We were happily nearly before the wind, which could now be seen lashing the foam from the billows, and driving down upon us with the speed of a race-horse. Another instant and the squall would be upon us. All this, however, had passed, in less time than is occupied in the relation, for scarcely a minute had elapsed, since I first saw the approaching squall, before Captain Smythe shouted,

"Stand by to clew down—quick there all!"

The command was not an instant too soon. His opening words were heard distinctly in the boding calm that preceded the squall, but the concluding sentence was lost in the hissing and roaring of the hurricane that now swept across our decks. The captain saw that it was useless to attempt to speak in the uproar, and waving his hand for the quarter-master to keep her away, while the men instinctively clewed down the topsail-yards, and hauled out the reef-tackles, he awaited the subsidence of the squall. For five minutes we went skimming before the tempest, like a snow-flake in a storm. On—on—on, we drove, the fine spray rising past us on the gale, and the shrill scream of the wind through our hamper deafening our ears. Whither we were going, or what perils might meet us in our mad career, we knew not. We were flying helplessly onward, enclosed by the mist, at the mercy of the winds. Even if the intensity of the squall would have allowed us to bring by the wind and reef, prudence would dictate that we should run before the hurricane, as the only chance of escaping from the clutches of our foes. Yet, surrounded as we were by the merchantmen of the fleet, we knew not but that the next moment, we might run down some luckless craft, and perhaps by the collision, sink both them and ourselves.

For nearly half an hour we drove thus before the hurricane. More than once we fancied that we heard the shrieks of drowning men, rising high over the uproar of the tempest, but whether they were in reality the cries of the dying or only the sounds created by an overheated imagination, and have no existence except in the brain of the starer, God above knows! A thousand ships might have sunk within a cable's length of us and not a prayer of the sufferers, not a shriek of despair have met our ears. There was [illegible] in that palpable darkness, which struck the most veteran heart with an awe akin to fear. When men can look abroad and see the real extent of the peril which surrounds them they can dare almost anything; but when surrounded by darkness, their imaginations conjure up dangers in every strange intonation of the tempest, in every new outbreak of the surge. They tremble at what they cannot behold; in the language of the Scripture "the joints are loosed with fear."

At length the fury of the squall began to subside, and the dark bank of clouds which had encircled us, undulated, rolled to and fro, and finally flew in ragged vapors away, flitting wildly past the stars that once more twinkled in the sky. As the prospect lightened, we looked eagerly around to see what damage the squall had occasioned. The fleet was scattered hither and thither over the horizon, torn, shattered, dismantled, powerless. Far up in the quarter from whence the hurricane had burst could be faintly seen the body of the convoy; but on every hand around some of the less fortunate ships were discoverable. Whether, however, most of the merchantmen had attempted to lie-to, or whether we had scudded before the gale with a velocity which none could rival, it was evident that we had passed away like a thunderbolt from the rest of the fleet, leaving them at a hopeless distance astern.

Owing to the rapidity with which our canvass had been got in, we suffered no material injury; and, when the gale subsided and the wind came out again from the north, we lost no time in hauling up and getting the weather-gauge of the convoy. The ship was put once more in train—the crew that turned in, and the watches were left in undisturbed possession of the decks. As I stood at my post and watched the bright stars overhead, shining placidly upon me, or listened to the cry of "All's well!" passed from lookout across the deck, I could not help contrasting the peace and silence of the scene with the fearful uproar of the preceding hour.

When morning dawned, not a vestige of the fleet remained on the southern seaboard. Our anxiety was now turned to the fate of the merchantman we had captured and that of the prize-crew we had thrown into her. But toward the afternoon watch, a sail was discovered on the horizon to windward, and when we had approached, we recognized our prize. Our joy at rejoining may well be imagined.

The prize proved to be laden with a valuable cargo, and, as this was the first capture of any moment we had made, it raised the spirits of the men in a commensurate degree. The skipper of the merchantman could never comprehend the justice of his capture. Like the generals whom Napoleon had been beating at a later day, he protested that he had been taken against all the rules of war.

After keeping company with us for a few days, the prize hauled up for the coast with the intention of going into Newport. We subsequently learned that she accomplished her aim, but not until she had run the gauntlet of an English fleet. As for ourselves, we stood towards the south on the look out for a new prize.

FROM THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

BY MARY E. HEWITT.

O'er a bright blooming isle in [illegible] Indian seas,
Soars aloft a gay bird, in the freedom of the breeze—
Soars aloft, while the air with his glad voice outrings,
As the wind rushing by smoothes his gossamer wings.

Away through yon ether thy pathway doth lie,
High upward and onward, beloved of the sky!
He who guideth the tempest, aid to thee doth impart
Giveth force to thy pinion, and strength to thy heart.

Where the strong-plumed eagle soars up and away,
'Mong the bright clouds of morning, thy mates are at play;
Then mount thee in gladness! swell thy clear notes on high—
Ah! why hast thou wandered thus down from the sky?

Thy gay wing is drooping, thy plume wears a stain,
Thou hast stooped thee to earth—thou may'st ne'er rise again!
How like is the spirit that soars to be free,
In its flight—in its fall, oh, fair bird! unto thee.

New York.

The Humorist.

☞ A humorous fellow, a carpenter, being summoned as a witness on a trial for an assault, one of the counsel, who was very much given to brow-beat the evidence, asked him what distance he was from the parties when he saw the defendant strike the plaintiff? The carpenter answered, "Just four feet five inches and a half." "Prythee, fellow," said the counsel, "how is it possible you can be so very exact as to the distance?" "I thought," said the carpenter, "*that some fool might ask me*, and so I measured it."

MINUTE MECHANISM.—By a measurement lately made by one skilled in curiosities, it is found that the silk worm's thread is so fine that one drachm of it will extend a distance of one hundred and eighty-five miles and ninety-two feet; while the same weight of a common grass-spider's thread will reach two hundred and twelve miles and seventy-four feet.

☞ Pitt was once canvassing for himself, and, in the course of his travels, came to a blacksmith's shop. "Sir," said he, "will you favor me with your vote?" "Mr. Pitt," said the son of Vulcan, "I admire your head, but blast your heart." "Mr. Blacksmith," returned Pitt, "I admire your candor, but blast your manners."

☞ A clergyman in England, not long since, adopted the following text:—"Wilt thou go up with me to the battle at Ramouth Gilead?" The peculiar emphasis with which the question was twice repeated, induced a brave soldier to think it a reality, and he very cordially answered—"Why, gentlemen, if you are all cowards, I'll go for one."

☞ A gentleman passing through one of the public offices, was affronted by some of the clerks, and was advised to complain to the principal, which he did thus—"I have been abused by some of the rascals of this place, and I come to acquaint you with it, as I understand you are the *principal*."

☞ An elderly gentleman travelling in a stage coach, was amused by the constant fire of words kept up between two ladies. One of them at last kindly inquired "if their conversation did not make his headache?" to which he replied, "No, ma'am: I have been married twenty-eight years."

☞ A clergyman being much pressed by a lady of his acquaintance to preach a sermon on the first Sunday of her marriage, complied; and choose the following passage in the Psalms for his text: "And let there be abundance of peace while the moon endureth."

☞ "Tom," said Whizz, yesterday, at the same time putting a mug of beer to his lips, "Tom, some malicious scoundrel has reported that I do not meet my engagements. I want you to deny it;—say you saw me 'tip the pewter' for a *draught*."

☞ "Father, what do printers live on?" "Why child?" "You said you had not paid him for two or three years, and yet you have his paper every week!" Take the child out of the room, what does he know about right and wrong!

☞ "Look heah, Cuff, if you don't keep off of my corns, I'll kill you wid dis bowie knife." "Guess you wouldn't do dat are but once," replied Cuff, brandishing his cane.

☞ "I'm afraid of the lightning," murmured a pretty woman, during a thunder-storm. "Well you may be," sighed a despairing adorer, "when your heart is steel."

☞ Business done with neatness and despatch," as the fellow said when he swore off an *honest* account in open court.

☞ A chandler having had some candles stolen, was told to be of good cheer—"they will *come to light*."

The Farmer.

CHINESE AGRICULTURE.

The greatest annual festival upon which the sovereign appears in his sacerdotal character, is that of the celebration of the season of the spring, which takes place about the middle of February, and is one of those ancient observances that help to preserve the primitive character of this nation. It is then that the Emperor performs the part of the husbandman, by ploughing and sowing seed in an enclosure set apart for that purpose near the palace. The day for the royal ploughing is fixed for the Board of Rites, and this ceremony was accompanied by many solemnities on the part of the Emperor, and those who were to assist at the sacrifices—such as fasting for three days until the evening of each, and abstaining from all kinds of amusement during that period. Early on the morning of the festival, the Emperor, attended by the great officers of State, repairs to the temple of the Earth, where he makes sacrifices and implores a blessing on the labors of the spring, that they may produce a plentiful harvest; and when these rites are ended he descends from the temple into the field, where all the requisite preparations have been made by forty or fifty husbandmen who are in attendance. The Emperor ploughs a few furrows with his own hands, and sows five sorts of grain; after which twelve grandees of the first class, plough and sow in turn, and then the work is completed by the professional husbandmen, each of whom receives a present of a piece of Nankin cloth. The produce of this field is held sacred, and carefully preserved in a granary by itself, to be used for most solemn sacrifices. The ploughing by the Imperial husbandman takes place only in the capitol; but in every large city a ceremony is performed, called "meeting the spring," when the Governor assumes the character of high priest, and goes out in state, carried in a finely-ornamented sedan-chair, proceeded by banners, lighted torches, and music. He is followed by several mandarins in their sedans, and by a number of litters, in which are placed children who are fancifully dressed and crowned with flowers, representing various deities connected with the labors of the field. But the most prominent figure among the *dramatis personæ* is a huge earthen buffalo, the representative of spring, which is borne in procession to meet the high priest, who delivers a lecture on the benefits of husbandry, which is one of sixteen discourses read annually to the people. At the conclusion of the lecture he strikes the buffalo three times with a staff, when it is immediately broken in pieces by the populace, and a number of little porcelain cows, with which it was filled, furnish materials for a scramble. The rest of the day is devoted to amusements. It is thus that the rulers of China, both by precept and example, stimulate their subjects to the pursuit of agriculture, so essential to the support of the empire. And, as the Emperor in person ploughs the land and sows the seed, so the Empress also performs her part to encourage another most important branch of industry, by going through, in appearance, at least, all the labors connected with the culture of silk.—*Miss Corner's History of China.*

MODEL FARM.

The British Farmer's Magazine for January, 1843, contains the following account of a model farm, cultivated chiefly by boys, who are pursuing a course of education in scientific agriculture:

"Perhaps the most successful example of the capabilities of land, under proper management, in Ireland, and of the immense crops which can be raised, may be seen on the National Model Farm, under the Board of Education, at Glassnevin, near Dublin. This farm, strictly conducted on the improved system of green cropping and house feeding, contains fifty-two statute acres, and there were kept on it, during the year, twenty-two head of cattle and three horses. It supplies, on an average, ninety persons during the year with farm produce, such as milk, butter, potatoes, and vegetables of various kinds; and furnishes the farming establishment with pork, besides a number of private families with the above articles. A considerable quantity of vegetables is carried to market, and all kinds of grain, which is abundant. There is at present a crop of oats upon the farm, the produce of 14¼ British acres. It is secured in eight stacks, and is estimated by the best judges to be equal to the average produce of 50 acres. It stood perfectly close upon the ground, averaged 6 to 7¼ feet in height, the head and ear corresponding, the other crops, potatoes, turnips, Italian rye grass, &c. of like quality.

The manager conducts the farm on his own account; pays £256 7s. 8d. per annum for rent, besides other expenses, amounting in all to upwards of £400 per year; and we are informed, and believe, that he realizes a very handsome annual sum from it besides. He labors and manages it almost exclusively by a number of boys, agricultural pupils, and teachers, who are there in training in the science and practice of agriculture. As a test of what land is capable of producing, when brought to its highest point, there are few examples so appropriate as we have in this particular instance; there are, perhaps, more crops raised, more cattle kept and fed, more human beings supplied with the common necessaries of life, more manure accumulated, more employment given, and, in fact, more *money made* on this spot of land than on any other farm of the same extent (conducted on a proper scientific rotation of grain and green crop) in any part of the empire, *or the world*. Did the average land of Ireland produce only one half of the value, according to quantity, that is on this model farm, we should hear no more of corn laws, tariffs, or want of employment amongst the people.

The Battle Field.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON

And the Bagman.

On the 8th of June, the battle of Waterloo was raging fiercely. Napoleon and Wellington were in the midst of their "great game," and each intently regarding the "motives" upon the complicated and chequered field. Squadron after squadron bore down upon our gallant infantry, as the big waves rise and break upon our level shore, and then retire in unavailing fury and dispersing foam. Then followed the devastating fire of artillery, rending our brave and living masses in gory fissures, which were closed as soon as made, or avoided by a change of attitude, and then again came the fierce rush of the horse and enthusiastic foe, with cuirass and uplifted sabre, to be so often repulsed by a steady fire of musketry, or checked or routed by our own resolute and strong armed cavalry.

Confident in the strength of numbers and the success of other days, Napoleon departed not from his favorite and furious system; and firm in purpose as conscious of the unfailing means, which he possessed for supporting it. Wellington saw the devastating havoc made upon his advanced battalions, while he coolly dispatched aid-de-camp after aid-de-camp from point to point—from position to position preparing for various consequences—to remedy unfavorable aspects—availing himself of casual results or fresh intelligence—until his whole staff had left him. The directing spirit of the British lines sat, apparently as upon review day, directing his eagle glance over the field, as though penetrating the dense smoke which arose from hard fought encounters, and distinguishing individuals among the countless figures mingling in the bloody conflict. The hand-glass was constantly at his eye, and his favorite charger "Copenhagen," seemed conscious of the importance of good behavior upon that momentous day.

A few paces in the rear of his Grace, and mounted upon a Flemish nag, sat an unpretending young man, with a ruddy countenance and in *mufti*, deliberately contemplating the scene of human strife in which he took no part, nor in which from his demeanor, one might imagine he was very deeply interested. He wore a dark green surtout, with drab trousers, and buff gaiters; a hat of less dimensions than was the fashion of the day, inclined a littler over the left *ear*, from under which, for it was firmly fixed upon his head, some wiry, sandy colored hair just showed its edges. In his hand he held a stout cotton umbrella with which he ever and anon evinced his dislike to the slightest curvetting on the part of his horse by a thump on the flank.

Here was an old figure of Peace and Quietude, in strange contrast to the surrounding din of war and conflict. Occasionally he would rise in his stirrups, as fresh shouts of onslaught reached his ear, or sudden peals of cannon from a fresh quarter attracted his attention. Then settling down in the saddle, he would wait complacently the result, or watch with an undisturbed countenance and amazing *sang froid*, the course of a stray shot, furrowing the earth a few yards right or left of his person.

Suddenly his grace turned quickly round as though seeking somebody to whom he would deliver an order, when his eyes rested on the unmilitary personage whom we have described; it then glanced in other directions and again returned to the daring but passive spectator.

"Who and what are you, sir?" inquired the commander in quick authoritive accent.

"Me? sir," replied his companion out of arms, bestowing a blow upon the flank of his animal. "My name is Jones. I am a travelling agent to Smith and Jenkins, of Holburn, in the hardware line."

Here was a pause, during which the Duke seemed for a second, *but* a second, to withdraw his mind from the immense responsibility of his situation, when the last speaker continued:—

"I was at Brussels for orders, and understood there was to be a fight, so I came to see it. I am rather thinking if I don't mind I shall have to pay for this horse which I have only borrowed for the occasion. There," pointing to some scattered earth "that shot would have spoiled my day's pleasure: but I shall see it out."

"Mr. Jones," said his Grace, "I want an order conveyed to a certain position, would you serve your country and oblige me by delivering it?"

"Oh dear, yes!" instanty replied the bagman with another whack upon the beast. "I don't mind giving a bit, what is it?"

Hereupon the Duke pointed out the quarter, bidding him inquire for General ——, and communicate to him a certain command.

"But it is a question whether he'll believe *me*," observed the bag-man, half doubtingly.

"Take this ring," added the Duke, giving him a signet, and a minute after the traveller was on his way amidst the battle, with an order in which the firm of Smith and Jenkins had no participation.

The General's eye followed him as he escaped the bullets, and took his course over more than one field, and many hundred dead and dying. In due time, the effects of the order was manifest, and the "service" was done. Nothing more was seen of the adventurous bagman. The Duke made many inquiries for "Mr. Jones," but in vain, and he at length came to the conclusion of his having fallen with other "good men and true."

Many years had elapsed when a servant at Apsley house announced the name of a visitor, one Mr. Jones. The Duke happened to be disengaged, and gave permission for him to enter his presence, when who should present himself but the "civil" hero of Waterloo, who with scarcely any change of costume from that which was worn on the memorable day, advanced, saying—"I am Mr. Jones, if your Grace remembers a trifling service." "I remember a great and personal one, my dear *sir*," said his Grace interrupting him, and shaking his hand, "How can I serve you?"

"Why, I am of the firm of Smith and Jenkins, in the hardware line, and the honor of your patronage, and Government patronage."—

"I shall not fail to exert myself in your behalf," said his Grace; "but what became of you immediately after you delivered your order to General ——?"

"Why I can scarcely tell," said Mr. Jones, looking up to the ceiling. "At first I got into the corner field among one regiment—then over the hedge among another—then into the wrong reserve among the French—then my horse was killed—then back again among a square, while the fight lasted between your horse-soldiers and Bonaparte's horse-soldiers, (and yours beat 'em fairly,) and then I got out of a charge, and 'hid up' a bit; after that I was sometimes in one place and sometimes in another: but I had nothing to do do with *the fight*, and so I didn't much join one side nor the other."

The Duke kept his word. If some of the government clerks of the present day, when they stir for the hundredth time their winter office fire, can find leisure to examine their pokers they will find stamped thereon, "Smith, Jenkins and Jones, makers."

The Olio.

THE FOLLOWING ancient story, thought probably a draft on the imagination, bears a strong analogy to occurrences which sometimes take place in some families—and, at all events, is strictly admonitory:

"A sportsman brought home a brace of birds, and handing them to his wife, said, "My dear, let these blackbirds be dressed for dinner." "Blackbirds!" says she, "why, the man is mad! you amaze me!—they are thrushes." "What," replies he, "have I been half my life fowling, and am I unable to distinguish between a blackbird and a thrush?" "If you had been fowling your whole life, I am as good a judge of birds as you, and I vow they are thrushes." He declared they were blackbirds; and, finally, he became so completely angered, that he was ruffian enough to use a cane to her. She ran out of the house to a neighbor's for the night. Next morning she returned home, and halcyon days succeeded till the anniversary of the explosion. On that day, she leaned lovingly on his shoulder, smiled in his face, and said soothingly, "Now, my dear, it is just a twelve-month since you used me so crulley about those miserable birds, and you knew in your heart they were thrushes." He declared again they were blackbirds; she vowed again they were thrushes: and the former scene was renewed and terminated as before. And, according to tradition, every anniversary was similarly celebrated."

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

I am composed of eighteen letters.

My 1, 5, 4, 3, 17, 1, is the name of a tree that flourishes from the Equator to the Poles.

My 2, 3, 2, 6, 14, is a celebrated Grecian poem.

My 3, 11, 10, 10, 15, 18, is what schoolboys dislike.

My 4, 15, 18, 14, 9, 18, is a large city in Europe.

My 5, 16, 11, 14, 6, 18, 14, is a county in Europe once noted for its schools.

My 6, 16, 18, 9, is a river in Italy.

My 7, 6, 14, 2, 10, 9, 18, is one of the Presidents of the United States.

My 8, 17, 13, 18, 10, 15, 18, is an eminent English author.

My 9, 16, 2, 15, 18, is one of the Constellations.

My 10, 9, 12, 13, 5, 6, is a celebrated Mosque, and a Christian Church.

My 11, 12, 13, 11, 10, 2, 6, 18, 10, is a people of Ionia, to whom St. Paul delivered one of his beautiful Epistles.

My 12, 13, 2, 4, 6, 14, 11, 3, 12, 13, 5, 6, is a city in the United States.

My 13, 6, 16, 2, 10, 9, 18, is a celebrated American General and Statesman.

My 14, 11, 4, 6, 1, 6, 16, 11, is one of the United States.

My 15, 13, 2, 9, is a river in North America.

My 16, 13, 9, 14, 11, 10, is an island in the Levant or eastern part of the Mediterranean.

My 17, 3, 14, 13, 6, 9, is a county in Kentucky.

My 18, 15, 16, is the name of a pleasant opera.

My whole is the name of a distinguished advocate of "Temperance."

VICTORINE.

LOAFER LOGIC.—There is one thing as I can't see through, blowed if I can. The President of the United States, and the man wot keeps the custom house is the people's servants, isn't they? "Well, they is, coon." "Werry, well; now 'spose I go to Tyler, and says I, "old wets, I wants an order on the treasury for liquor, he'd orter stan' it—he's the people's *servant, and I'm the people theirselves*."

"AT THE HEAD OF THE PERIODICALS OF THE WORLD."

GRAHAM'S
LADY'S AND GENTLEMAN'S
MAGAZINE,
FOR 1844.

THE JANUARY NUMBER WILL BE ISSUED ON DECEMBER 10TH, 1843.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE has long enjoyed the enviable reputation of being the best periodical in the United States, both in the quality and number of its embellishments, and in the tone of its literary matter. It is the cheapest as well as the best. For the year 1843 the publisher has given about 100 *pages more original reading matter* than any of his cotemporaries, and *more original steel engravings*, in addition to the *fashion plates and colored flowers*. The *cheapness* and *merit* of a three-dollar magazine *over* all others are apparent, which has made an outlay of over SEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS GREATER THAN OTHERS, and an addition of engravings over other magazines that would embellish the costliest annual. The publisher is, however, satisfied that nothing but *real excellence* can maintain the high position his periodical has attained in the United States, and, as the taste improves and extends for good works, that *nothing of a [illegible] order will be tolerated*.

The publisher does not hesitate to say, that *he defies all competition with Graham's Magazine for* 1844. His immense subscription list, the merit and number of his contributors, the high order of the engravers engaged, the number and variety of elegant plates already purchased and on hand, and the immense facility which his capital and position give him to prosecute the work, render any efforts at rivalry a matter of ridicule. *Every number* of the work issued, bears with it the evidence of its triumphant success, and establishes the impossibility of successful competition.

Every number of Graham's Magazine is issued at a cost of nearly $4000—the plates alone cost nearly half the sum. Most of the plates are from

ORIGINAL AMERICAN PAINTINGS,

Executed expressly for the proprietor, for engravings for the Magazine. Among the pictures painted for the volume for 1844, are two by SULLY, the great artist, several by LEUTZE, CHAPMAN, INMAN, CONAROE, ROTHERMEL, THOMPSON, and others of the best artists of America. The cost of getting up embellishments in this style, may be estimated when we state that some of these pictures cost $200 a piece, and will cost us some of them three times that sum to have them engraved and worked off for the edition of "Graham." But no cost shall be spared to keep our proud position "*at the head of the periodicals of the world*."

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H. Hastings Weld,
George Hill,
Reynell Coates, M. D.
J. K. Mitchell, M. D.
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Besides these well known and universally popular writers, many anonymous contributors of distinguished merit furnish articles for nearly every number.

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RUFUS BABCOCK, Jr. D. D.

Philadelphia, June 7, 1836.

BRIDGETON, July 19, 1836.

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WILLIAM STEELLING, M. D.

Physician to the Cumberland N. J. Almshouse.

PHILADELPHIA, May 10, 1838.

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S. S. FITCH, M. D.,

No. 172 Chesnut street.

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No charge for advice to any who call at his office. All are welcome. June 17-1y